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HUNGARY

NEW AND OLD

BY
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PRINTED BY THE PRIVATE PRINTING-OFFICE OF THE
HUNGARIAN TELEGRAPH CORRESPONDENCE BUREAU

PREFACE

An American lady staying for a few days at Budapest gave me the idea of writing a book on Hungary — not an extensive work — just a few explanatory notes for foreigners who generally have but a very dim knowledge of the people and part of the world where chance has brought them. The task rather appealed to me, the more so as I was glad to be of some use to my country. At first, looked at from a distance, it all seemed simple enough; it is only now when I set to work that I find the task far more complicated than I had thought. And it is just the small scale on which the work must be performed that makes it difficult. The material is vast enough, and only after a good deal of selection can it be crammed into a few pages. The second difficulty arises from the present, rather sad state that Hungary is in. All the thousand years'

traditions, the historical, geographical and commercial unity have been rudely torn asunder; and it is only one fifth of the country which is not occupied by the surrounding states. Bereft of most of its natural resources: mines of all kinds, industrial centres, as well as its most important historical places, the Hungary of to-day is but a poor image of the one that was. It has to fight against desperate odds; and strive as it may it will take some time till the country will have adjusted itself to present circumstances.

Those who dictated the terms of peace at Trianon were not aware of what they were doing: dismantling bit by bit, screw by screw, an entire and efficient mechanism, which thereby was rendered incapable of continuing its work.

Or perhaps they did it with open eyes, purposely, quite aware of the facts and

"If it were so, 'tis a grievous fault

And . . ."

But the rest does not lie with me. I can only hope that a day will dawn when people will come to their senses and part of the huge injustice that is now our share will be righted.

CHAPTER I.

HUNGARIANS AS A PEOPLE

The Magyar nation is not related to any other European people except the Finns. Its language, as has been conclusively proved, belongs to the Finno-Ugrian group. It is true that during their wanderings the ancient Magyars came into contact with Indo-Aryans — Iranians — but these did not exert much influence on their development. Only the Turco-Bulgarians in the south of Russia, and, later, the Alans and Kasars (tribes of Turkish stock), contributed many new expressions to the primitive Magyar language. This must not be confused with the influence that the 300 years' Turkish occupation had on the nation. For a long time a faction (with the learned Vámbéry at their head) maintained the kinship of Magyar and Turk, but that has been refuted for good. The cradle-land of the nation seems to have lain originally on both sides of the Ural mountains.

The language offers great difficulties to foreigners just because it does not resemble any other European tongue. By now of course a good many Latin, German and Slav words have been picked up, some of them transformed past all recognition. The language has also gone through many changes up to quite recently. Grammar, properly speaking, does not exist; most of the conjugations are based on pre- and suffixes. The accent is also quite different from that of any other language, the stress being always on the first syllable, just as in Finnish.

As a type the Magyar is as a rule dark, but unfortunately he is so mixed with other races that a pure specimen can hardly be found. In the way of character I think I can honestly say that he is rather sympathetic. Always very chivalrous — naively so at times — clever and talented, gay and yet often given to sudden melancholy; amusing and humorous, but having some of the oriental faults; nonchalance, laziness, a certain happy-go-lucky vein. A people's character generally depicts itself in its music. The Hungarian songs are always very sad and melancholy, often in a minor key, but not sentimentally sad — the sugared water

kind — they have something passionate and forceful in them. As to the dance-music (csárdás and friss) it is always gay and sometimes very wild. Most Hungarians are very musical and can play some instrument or other. When listening to a good gipsy band they can go besides themselves when their favourite songs are played with fire and feeling. The "cigánys" (gipsies) have no music of their own, but can adapt themselves to any national folk-music and always place themselves in the required atmosphere, seeming to guess the listener's state of mind. They play on his feelings and emotions till passion is roused to its highest pitch, be it Love or Despair — the one generally the outcome of the other.

The Magyar's greatest fault is his love of dabbling in politics, where he unfortunately often loses sight of the higher point of view and drifts to mere party politics.

The Hungarians gave proof of their chivalry during the war by the way they treated the civilian subjects of enemy countries who were unable to return home before hostilities began. They did not suffer any inconvenience and walked about just like Hungarians, only having to report to the

Police once in a "blue moon". We always were very tolerant in this respect, too much so, for the spies had very easy work of it. The former generation was not business-like, especially the upper classes, who contented themselves with being landowners living a gay life without troubling much about their properties and finances, which were often in a very sad state. But that has completely changed now, because of agrarian reforms, high taxes and the vast confiscations of property in the occupied parts of the country; everybody troubles a good deal about the little that is left him. Most of the sons of landowners go to agricultural academies or take some situation in banks or other enterprises.

One of the chief virtues of the Magyar is his tenacious, patient, passive resistance, rising to heroism in times of adversity. The nation has learned to suffer through centuries of Turkish wars and occupation and foreign oppression, till through silent, passive resistance, from 1848 to 1867, they gained more than by fighting sword in hand. Those were our grandfathers, and their children's children bear their sufferings just as nobly, as heroically to-day in Transylvania and

elsewhere. They stick to their post amidst a new world of ideas, among uncongenial work to which they were not born; amid daily hardships, petty wranglings, that often tell more on the nerves than a calamity; perhaps it will not be in vain.

The Hungarian peasant is a sympathetic type, thrifty, clean, not only in his person and house, but also mentally. I talked with a young Dutch author once who as a German soldier was stationed for some time in different parts of Hungary and had occasion to mix with the people. He maintained that the Magyar people are exceptionally healthy minded, real sons of the soil. Of course in the overgrown villages, villages turned into towns, where progress is too abrupt, where new ideas come without any transition, the whole mental and moral structure has been shaken a good deal, and there is a social class which is not a very trustworthy element; but even some of these have come to their senses after seeing the incapacity and idiocy of Bolshevik rule.

One word about the Jewish question in Hungary, which has caused some excitement abroad. The Jews are very numerous

here and manage to play a ruling part in finance, commerce and trade. That wherever they appear they exercise a morally destructive and disastrous influence is a fact and cannot be denied. The communistic rule of 1919 was also their work. The famous Kun Béla, Szamuely and the other terrorist leaders who ruled over the country were all Jews. It is but natural that we should try to stop their spreading influence, but at any such attempt Europe (also America) sets up a cry in the name of humanity, justice, equality and all the rest of the high-sounding words they can very well do without when their interests require it. There were a few cases of Jews having been badly treated just after the communist regime of 1919; but after all that was natural enough. And what about all the people killed during the Commune? Peaceful citizens thrown into the Danube at night, shot without right or reason? And others tortured in the cellars of the Parliament or in Count Batthyányi's palace; skinned alive, having nails driven into them, and all the rest of the tortures inflicted in Russian and Chinese fashion? Europe did not dream then of setting up an outcry because of these

cruelties, but only when a Jew gets the punishment he thoroughly deserves, does all the world seem to get alarmed about it. And remember that all this happened immediately after the Commune, when people were exasperated by all they had to suffer, and the Roumanians who occupied the capital did not allow the law to deal even with those people that were proved to have taken a leading part during the red terror. Here once again the Jews made a thorough propaganda for themselves in foreign countries. Since then I do not hear anything of Jews being badly treated; it seems to me they are rather prosperous and play a prominent part everywhere.

CHAPTER II.

THE CAPITAL

Budapest, built as it is on both sides of the mighty Danube, can vie for beauty of situation with any city of Europe. Especially at dusk when myriads of lights begin to twinkle on both banks, it looks quite enchanting. The fortress on the top of the Gellért mountain looms black and stern against the copper coloured western sky, while in Buda around the Royal palace and on the surrounding hills one after another the lights appear. From the bridges and the shores the lamps shed fiery reflections on the oily black waves of the Danube, greenish or orange, or blue; like wriggling, shining serpents, they rise and fall between the dark, inky shadows of ships and barges.

In winter the river shows a curious picture of its own, with shoals of ice gliding relentlessly southward, grating against each other with an uncanny, hissing sound or

breaking against the piers. In severe winters it often happens that the ice stops and forms from bank to bank a vast field of tiny icebergs with lakes of cold green water between, where hundreds of wild ducks of different kinds swim about and hunt for food, quite undisturbed by the city's roar and the continual traffic on the bridges. Some of these aquatic birds come from very far; I have often seen a breed of nearly white ducks (with black head and patch on wings) which is only to be found elsewhere up in Norway.

The first thaw generally creates some excitement, for it often happens that the whole icefield begins to move downwards in one block, doing a good deal of damage to barges that have not been towed to dock before the frost. Also the water generally rises considerably and nearly every year some of the suburbs are flooded.

Most foreigners who stay only for a few days in Budapest are quite unaware of its many beauties and all the possibilities the town affords. Very good roads lead to the hills, and in summer, when the city is hot and stuffy, a motor tour to the "Svábhegy" (Swabian Hill) and on through beechwoods

green and cool is perfectly delightful. For colour effects you must of course go in October. Never anywhere else have I seen such a blaze of orange and crimson foliage. At some winding of the road, when you all at once come face to face with such a clump of brilliant trees, you fairly gasp with surprise. And past the gold and orange of the hill side you get a perfect view of the plains on the other side of the Danube, purple and hazy for miles, the horizon melting into the blueness of the sky. If you are tired of sitting in your car and want to walk about you will find paths leading into the woods everywhere — not too civilised fortunately — but pretty country lanes and foot paths where quantities of flowers await you, especially in spring time. Here and there on the roadside are restaurants (or inns, if you prefer to call them by a more rural name), where the food is generally very good.

The Golf Club on the Széchényi-hegy (Hill) — very pretty in the way of scenery — can be reached by the funicular railway which leads first to the Svábhegy and then farther on to the golf links. The terrace of the Svábhegy Hotel offers a wonderful view,

and it is pleasant to have tea there, or dinner, which is perhaps still more enchanting, as the whole city lies spread before you glowing with lights at the foot of the hill. The hotel is also open during the winter, and toboggans as well as skis can be hired. Every autumn the big motor races are run on the road leading uphill, the finish being near the golf links. It is rather an interesting spectacle, for some of the curves are pretty sharp and dangerous. Another delightful place, much more lovely and to be reached only by motor car or a longish tramp on foot, is the Jánoshegy (St. John's Mt.) with the monument on the top. The road leading up is beautiful. Hűvösvölgy (the Cool Valley) and Zugliget in the same district are pretty too, with many places where you can have tea (the Confiserie August for instance), but of course those are not in actual country. Numbers of pretty villas everywhere.

Nearer to the centre of the town and more accessible is the Margaret Island. Go there one afternoon (not on Sunday because it is overcrowded then) drive to the upper end of the Island and come back on foot. It is most delightfully green, very well kept, just

like a park with huge plane trees and poplars, the shade in some places so deep that it is more like dusk than day time. Some hot springs of sulphurous water form — at the upper end — a waterfall and are used for thermal baths. You will also find an open-air warmwater swimming pool with all accommodations. The water is exquisitely transparent and blue; the unpleasant smell one notices at the spring evaporates immediately. The principal attraction for those who go in for flowers is the rose garden. Big beds of all kinds of standard and bush roses, which in June are one mass of flowers. The sight is unique. Peonies form a delightful group. In spring dainty blue scillas are in flower everywhere, lending a bright touch to the landscape which is still brown and dreary at that time.

The antiquarian will also find some things of interest to him, for excavations are being made to rediscover an old monastery which stood on this site. Some Gothic arches and walls still stand, but the rest of it has to be excavated. A good deal has been brought to light this last year or two, and the general outline of the cells and courtyard is plainly to be seen. The convent dates back

to 1242, and it is here that St. Margaret, of the Árpád House, King Béla IV's daughter, led a saintly life. She belonged to the order of St. Dominic, but there were also two other abbeys on the island belonging respectively to the Premonstratensians and the Franciscans. Unfortunately there is only one bit of wall left of these.

At the southern end of the island, having passed restaurants and playing bands and so on, you come to the grounds of the Hungarian Athletic Club, where football, hockey and various other contests are held and all kinds of games played. Most of the Budapest tennis courts are also here, and several rowing clubs.

The place offers endless resources of amusement for people who have to stay in town during the summer. Especially the swimming and bathing establishments are a blessing. Budapest is noted for its baths; most of them have hot mineral springs, a cure for many complaints especially of the rheumatic kind. The most noted are: the Gellért Bath, attached to a modern hotel of the same name, the Széchenyi Bath, perhaps the most lavishly furnished, the Hungaria, very good too; the Császár, and

Lukács; the Rudaš, which dates back to Turkish times and has kept some of its oriental appearance. The so-called Turkish bath can be had of course at any of these establishments.

But to continue the "sights" of the town; not far from the Margaret Island on the Buda side is the tomb of Gül-Baba, a holy man of the Moslems, whose shrine is a place of pilgrimage for followers of the "true faith". The small round room capped by a cupola which marks the holy place is not very picturesque or interesting either, only in so far as the old warden unlocks and re-locks half a dozen doors before you eventually arrive at Gül Baba's remains.

On the other side of the Danube stand the Houses of Parliament — an immense Gothic building quite at the edge of the river, somewhat similar to that in London, with broad steps leading down to the water. Very stately indeed and of artistic effect. Its square with its neatly kept gardens, flowering shrubs and roses, boasts of two other big buildings, the Palace of Justice and the Ministry for Agriculture. Count Andrassy's equestrian statue is a fine piece of work. Around the base are high relief

bronzes—*entre autres* one showing the council at the Berlin Conference where Andrásy (one of our ablest statesmen of the last century) took part, prominent figures being made by Bismarck and by Lord Beaconsfield.

The “Szabadság Tér” (Liberty Square) farther on, contains four statues recently erected, representing the four parts of Hungary now torn from her. Two of these have great force of expression and are bold in design. The irony of Fate strikes one when looking at those statues — monuments of subjugation and tyranny, standing in the Square of Liberty. The name has a historical background, for here stood in 1848 the so-called Neuhaus, where the leaders in the War of Independence, among them Prime Minister Count Batthyányi and Baron Jeszenák, my great-grandfather, were executed by the Austrians. The house of sad memories was destroyed long ago and nothing remains of it.

Some of the surrounding palaces are very modern and of dubious taste, but the Austro-Hungarian Bank is simple yet quite imposing. The Stock Exchange, a massive huge building, is also modern, of no apparent style, but very effective from its size.

The inner city, except for a few private palaces, churches and the University, boasts of no great buildings or monuments of historical importance. The Basilika in the Lipót város is a very fine Renaissance church — unfortunately not situated to advantage — in a narrow square with no wide approaches. An avenue leading up to it from the Danube has been contemplated, but not yet carried out. Near at hand the Andrássy-ut, a broad thoroughfare bordered with trees, leads out to the "Városliget". It passes beside the Opera, widens into the Octogon Square and "Kőrönd" (circle) with its four statues of historical personages, and ends at the Millennium Column, which commemorates the Conquest, etc. A semicircular colonnade contains statues of our kings and early Hungarian chieftains. Unfortunately under the Bolshevist rule many statues of the more recent monarchs were destroyed, leaving tell-tale gaps, and most of the bronze relief plaques are gone too. What a childish and senseless manifestation of the People's primitive turn of mind. It is such a typical index of what superfluous things the mind turns to when once it has lost all stay, and there is no power which



View of the Danube and Royal Castle

induces it to follow the traditional path. And yet there are still people, clever people, but dreamers, who would fain believe that an ideal communism is possible. Past experience and history do not seem to open their eyes; I suppose they regard it as quite a different case; yet all revolutions have started with great ideals, with high sounding words on their banners, only to end, one and all, with misery and terror in train. For it is the dreamers who start the cry for Liberty, Fraternity and Equality — working themselves into an idealistic frenzy, incapable of holding themselves to naked facts, blind to all the lower sides of human nature which find opportunity to assert themselves in the thousands of dishonest and evil characters that lie in wait for the moment when they can follow their instincts. Some of the idealists awake from their dream after a time with a rude start, but others are dragged along, get entangled in their own words, and losing all judgement stand up for ideas that no sane person can accept. We have seen a Mirabeau at the head of the rabble — later on trying to turn the tide — in vain; we have seen some of the Russian writers, (or one and all) undermining the Russian

Government, sometimes merely indirectly by criticising the actual state of affairs and social rules, or by revealing deficiencies, kindling the revolutionary spirit which lies dormant in everybody. And then we find a Mereschkowsky (have you read his "Anti-christ" a sort of diary of his stay in Bolshevik Petersburg?) greatly disconcerted when the revolution does not spare him either and the Bolsheviks do not treat him over gingerly. Surely enough they have got it this time, their "Holy Revolution". Of course it "ought to have been done differently — by other leaders — when the people were more cultured", etc. But then the people en masse are not cultured, probably never will be; cinemas widely read papers and the rest of it, are not culture; call it civilisation or what not, it has nothing whatever to do with the development of the soul and intellect.

And no good can come from letting the people loose, even on patriotic grounds, or oversetting by an unlawful act the existing state of things. Of course there may be exceptions, when the leader of such a movement is ironwilled and powerful; but even a Cromwell and his régime went under, a

Napoleon could not get a firm foothold, notwithstanding the great capabilities of these men and the salutary reforms they brought about. Destroying so as to create is a very doubtful procedure, when the material you work on is not senseless matter, but has a mind and feelings of its own which will assert themselves in an unforeseen way sooner or later.

CHAPTER III.

MUSEUMS

At the end of the Andrásy-ut (street) stand to the right and left two picture galleries. In the "Műcsarnok" (Hall of Arts) on the right, the annual exhibitions are held, while the "Szépművészeti Múzeum" (Museum of Arts) contains not only a very fine collection of old masters, but also examples of the modern schools, statues and bronzes, copies of the most renowned ancient statues and a really fine and well-selected collection of engravings, one of the best collections existing indeed. A special permission of the Directors is required for visiting it, but it is easily obtainable, with somebody (who probably speaks English) to explain the various plates. The old masters are well represented, especially the Dutch school and the Italian *Quattrocento* painters. Of course there are also one or two Raphaels and Titians. Most of the best pictures belonged

originally to the Princes*Esterházy, including the pretty little Raphael Madonna, with the translucent vividly blue background. The Esterházys always were noted collectors, (the English engravings in the graphical collection also belonged to them) especially one, Paul Esterházy, ambassador at Petersburg and London, who was a great connoisseur and grand seigneur such as Old France was wont to produce.

Great pains are taken now to collect more works of the Spanish school, and they have already got some good Goyas and works by Greco, that strangely modern painter of the eighteenth century, modern in technique, but a mystic as far as subjects and the handling of them go. Unfortunately Velasquez is not yet represented, his works being hardly obtainable now-a-days. On the whole the gallery is really worth looking at, and it would be a pity to leave Budapest without having been there. It is very good in quality as well as quantity.

The National Museum, very interesting too, is in the centre of the town. The geological part is perhaps the best, but zoology, antiques and the rest are also well represented. The most sympathetic Museum, if

I may use that expression, is the "Iparművészeti" (Museum of Industrial Art) in the Üllői-ut, not very big, but arranged with great care and intelligence. Exhibitions are held here occasionally, especially oriental carpet auctions. The groundfloor is occupied by a china and earthenware collection. Note the Holics rococo faience fireplaces which are fine and pretty. Then there is Herend porcelain of much merit, from the only china factory in Hungary. The designs and decorations have a touch of Chinese in them, very quaint and pleasing. The factory, founded in 1839, is in operation, and exports a great deal of its product to foreign countries, where it is greatly appreciated by connoisseurs. There are also many specimens of old Viennese porcelain, greatly sought for in our country. Saxon too of course, as well as a few English and French specimens, and Bohemian glassware.

On the top floor are Hungarian embroideries made by peasant women; then antique furniture arranged in separate rooms showing the different periods and styles; a beautiful library, brought from the Bishop's castle at Sümeg (property of the Veszprém bishopric), and a room transformed into a

pharmacy — originally* at Kőszeg, a little town of Western Hungary. It is a jewel of a chemist's shop, vaulted stucco ceiling, wonderfully carved oak cupboards and benches along the walls, an old brass mortar in which they pounded the various drugs, two marble lions and the prescription book-thick leather binding, the pages stained and well fingered, everything down to the last detail dating from the period. It may be a little thing, this pharmacy from Kőszeg, not a sight to take your breath away, or a thing of great intrinsic value or beauty, yet it is so perfect in its kind, that — to me at least — it always is a great source of pleasure. For "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever". That is Keats, isn't it? Two or three rooms are filled now with treasures belonging to the Esterházy family. Originally kept at Fraknó, one of their castles, the things were removed here when the Austrians occupied that part of the country. There are wonderful gold and silver articles, inlaid and beautifully worked. Some of the things are from Augsburg and Nürnberg, but most of them are of Transylvanian workmanship. The old Hungarian and Transylvanian goldsmiths were very renowned and sought for all over

Europe. One notices a good deal of Turkish influence, especially in the decorations of arms and jewelry. The turquoise plays an important part, and enamel decorations in which the Hungarian tulip crops up everywhere. You can see here quantities of cups and bowls, chalices, clocks; quite a collection of different spoons, jewels, watches; no end of arms: Turkish scimitars, primitive guns, ivory inlaid, embroidered saddles with silver pommels, banners, flags (with Turkish crescent and horsetail) old costumes richly embroidered in seed-pearls and coral; King Mátyás's coronation robe; a bridal gown of some other king with curious clasps formed by two cooing doves in enamel; two famous chairs, the wood covered with a thin sheet of finely wrought silver, expressly made for the Queen Maria Theresa, and heaps of other costly things. Then again rooms with furniture, pewter-ware, pottery, carvings from churches, a curiously painted wooden ceiling from Transylvania and very quaint faience, peasant stoves standing high on one leg in a corner of the room, also from Transylvania.

Perhaps I have gone too much into details, but as this museum is more typically



St. Margaret's Bridge and the Parliament

Hungarian than the others, I thought it well to give a description of the things to be seen there.

The agricultural museum with departments for fishing, shooting and forestry is in the "Vajda-Hunyad" castle beside the Városliget lake. This mediaeval fortress is a reconstruction of the castle, which still exists in Transylvania, of János Hunyady that famous hero who fought so bravely and efficiently against the Turks. It was built for the great millenarian Exhibition of 1896. In the courtyard you find the reconstruction of the famous Romanesque church of Ják, of course on a smaller scale, and also a baroque building, the details taken from some of the most celebrated palaces of Maria Theresa's time. The castle and lake form quite a pretty picture, especially in springtime when the magnolia trees are in full bloom. The Városliget as a park is not very large, but well kept and fresh and green; quantities of flower-borders lend a vivid touch to the surroundings. Near at hand in the Stefánia Avenue is the Park Club, a most delightful institution, unique of its kind, I believe. It is for members of society — of both the sexes alike —

and counts royalties among its members. The place itself is large and comfortable, the oblong ball-room of fine dimensions, suitable for big receptions, and the whole place very agreeable in summer when one can dine outside, dance, as there is generally a gipsy band at hand, or play cards. In the afternoon there are many people at tennis or various other occupations. The garden and flowers are beautiful. Of course at present with the heavy taxes and the scarcity of money, it is more and more difficult for the members, who have lost most of their property, to keep up the club; but let us hope they will be able to remain afloat till better times come, for it would be a great pity to shut up the place.

Close to the Park Club is the Geological Institute and farther on the Technical Museum. At the other end of the Városliget, we find the usual kind of places for amusements. The so-called "Angol Park" with scenic railway, swings, tiny motorcars on an undulating track, a large revolving disk which sends you sprawling into space, a magic castle and all sorts of other uncanny devices (in which Coney Island and Wembley abound) gladdening the hearts of the

multitude. The whole afternoon and evening one hears the incessant shrieks of the people shooting up and down the scenic railway, most of them sick and terrified, but pretending that they enjoy it all immensely. Farther on more places of this description, then panoramas, panopticums, the circus, which is generally good, and last but not least the Zoo, designed after Hagenbeck's famous Zoological gardens at Hamburg. Most of the beasts walk about the place as if they were free—at least the public has that illusion, though I suppose the poor victims themselves are well aware of the trick played upon them. There are big artificial rocks and crags where you see lions walking listlessly up and down, or again a deep pool for the Polar bears and seals to feel at home in. Some of the beasts are very fine, the lions and panthers especially. Of course there is the traditional monkey house with our smaller brethren playing their humorous tricks on each other, just as their elders are wont to do. Farther on are the Aquarium and hothouses with all sorts of exotic plants and flowers.

Some very good restaurants are open all over the Városliget in summer time, the

nicest being perhaps the one overlooking the lake — a large terrace with lampions and flowers, forming quite an enchanting picture. It almost reminds one of Venice when looked at from the old castle. Close to it is a cinema on the water — at least the canvas is, and people sit in open boxes, which is a blessing compared to the stuffiness of other cinemas in the hot season. The place in winter is the usual skating-rink where the ice-hockey matches and skating competitions are held.

CHAPTER IV.

THE QUAYS AND BUDA

You do not find many buildings of importance along the Danube except the Academy, Redoute, (Vigadó) and the principal hotels. Midday sees throngs of people walking up and down the so-called Corso if the weather is fine, arrayed in their Sunday best, chattering and laughing, flaunting their feathers or sitting in the sun and watching the passers by. The Corso could be made quite pretty with the view of the King's palace on the hill across the river, if the street-cars which run along the quays could be removed elsewhere. They do spoil the outlook. Another unfortunate idea was the planting of acacia-trees along the promenade, for except in the short flowering period, when the scent of the flowers is quite intoxicating, it is a very plain tree indeed and does not give any shade till May, for it is the last tree to put forth leaves. Farther

down the Danube^{*} is the fruit market which in autumn is sometimes quite a picturesque sight with barrels full of shiny red apples and pyramids of oranges and lemons. The scent is *picturesque too*. Christmas time sees quite a forest of young firs lined up in rows and rows, stiff and upright as if for a military mustering. It is a busy time then, a good deal of shouting and bartering going on between dealer and purchaser, children letting off crackers or selling all sorts of things with the usual extolling of their wares. It generally rains at that time because it ought to snow, and you are pushed about from one puddle to another and grimy mud oozes up your legs; the dripping trees send little showers over you and people nearly knock you over with protruding firs. And among all the thousands of trees arranged for inspection there is not one which adequately comes up to the idea you have formed of a perfect Christmas tree. After having made the circuit of the place, you go back to where you started from, for you seem to remember the first fir as not being far from the mark. It takes you some time to find the place, and of course your tree has been annexed by someone else. You

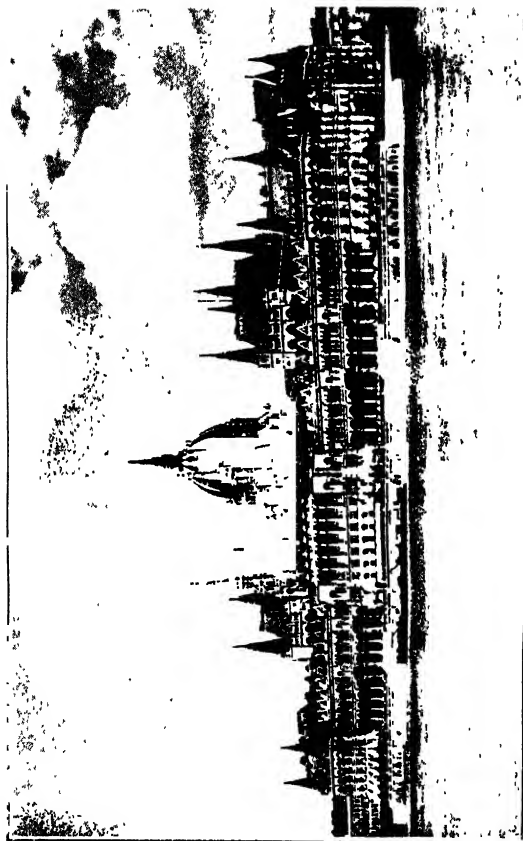
generally end by purchasing a weedy-looking specimen, which trails along behind you like a sorrowful comet; your hands are cold and cramped, your gloves soaked, and you have the sure feeling of having bought the ugliest tree of the whole lot.

Four big bridges span the Danube, not counting the two railway bridges; the Lánchíd, the Elizabeth, Francis Joseph and Margaret Bridges. The Lánchíd (Suspension Bridge) is the oldest, built at the renowned Széchényi's instigation; formerly suspended on chains — hence its name — *lán*c meaning chain in Hungarian. Four big lions keep guard over the bridge at the end and there is a tradition that the sculptor, whose work they are, jumped into the Danube on people telling him he had omitted to make tongues for his lions. Another version says that this was done on purpose, for the beasts were to represent silent watchfulness. Be that as it may, somebody drew my attention to the fact that one cannot generally see the tongues of lions when in repose, even if their mouths are partly opened.

Erzsébethíd is the most imposing of the bridges, very wide with a graceful sweep formed by one single arch from bank to

bank. It is supposed to be the widest arch after the Brooklyn bridge. Pity it was built under the Gellért hill, but I suppose the big bronze statue of the martyr bishop was meant to form an imposing ending to the majestic approach. St. Gellért, of Dalmatian origin, was Bishop of Csanád in the eleventh century when the country, though openly proclaiming Christianity, still secretly nourished many a wild pagan who loathed the mild doctrines of the new faith. And it was at the hands of such wild fanatics that the good bishop met his death. He was assailed by them on his way to Esztergom, and precipitated, chariot and all, from the top of the hill into the Danube.

The fortress crowning the Gellért mountain is of comparatively recent date, built by the Austrians after suppressing the national insurrection in 1848. It is curious that the hill which so conveniently dominates the town should not have possessed a stronghold in bye-gone times. Except that the Turks erected some sort of wooden castle, the hill was not fortified at all. In Roman times the port for the galleys was at its base, and where now the Gellért Hotel and Bath rears its imposing front, was the



The Parliament

famous bath of King Mátyás Corvinus, and later under the Turks the famous Aga and Virgin baths; the latter so called because the captured Christian maidens were kept there till needed in the Pasha's harems. The southern hillside, though still wild and untended, is very pretty when the almond and apricot trees bloom. It is one mass of white and pink blossoms against the reddish rocks and vividly blue sky, and the sight is just as beautiful as the famous almond *floraison* of Sicily which people mention with such ecstasy,

The oldest part of the town on the right bank is not the present "Vár" (Castle) on the hill, as one would imagine, but Ó-Buda the lower town, now very uninteresting and a district of docks and grimy chimneys. The Romans had their brick furnaces here — hence the German name of "Ofen", and "Pest" which means the same in Slav. Buda was the name of Attila's brother. The great Hun leader also had his famous wooden palace somewhere here. The first Hungarian settlements were also in this district, and it was only under the reign of Béla IV. (1243) that the Buda hill was fortified and populated. A pillar and two

bastions of that time are still visible on the east side of the Royal Palace. The Anjous erected a castle here which was rebuilt successively by King Sigismund and King Mátyás (1490). The latter embellished the place with the aid of Italian artists, though his favourite residence was Visegrád. A highly enlightened monarch, he played the role of Maecenas, like many Italian princes of the Quattrocento and was ably assisted in his work by his second wife Beatrix of Aragon. It is especially for founding their world-famous library that they deserve praise, though, alas, most of the Codices Corvini, beautifully bound in velvet and leather with golden clasps, were lost during the first Turkish invasion. Sultan Soliman, who seems to have been a very cultured man for a Moslem, tried to save as many of the treasures and works of art as he could lay hands on, and had them transported from Buda to Constantinople. Two huge bronze candelabras coming from Our Lady's Church (now Mátyás Church) are to this day at the Hagia Sophia and there is no possibility of getting them back. Some of the books in course of time drifted to Vienna where they are also carefully treasured.

The Royal Palace was one mass of ruins after the Turkish withdrawal in 1686, and it was only under Maria Theresa that a new palace in the Baroque style was built, but this also suffered a great deal of change, especially after having been partially burnt down in 1848. The Palace as it is now dates back to the reign of Francis Joseph and is the work of the famous architect Ybl. The building in its modern baroque style is very imposing, especially on the western side where there is a sheer stretch of wall ending at the foot of the hill. The Palota-ut leading up from that side is very pretty in spring time with brilliant yellow forsythia and overhanging clusters of lilac bushes. The garden slopes down towards the Danube in a series of terraces, with tall shady trees, arcades, flowers and remnants of the old castle walls, finely wrought stone carvings, moss and ivy overgrowing stairs, dripping with moisture and very mysterious. In the front of the main building stands the equestrian statue of Prince Eugene of Savoy, the reconqueror of Buda. The green copper cupola is topped by the Hungarian Crown, that well known emblem with its crooked cross. There are different

versions as to why the cross is aslant, but the poor crown outlived so many vicissitudes, was maltreated by the Austrians so often, and even buried and hidden more than once in its history, that it will never be known for certain when it was damaged. The interior of the Palace contains vast apartments and reception rooms heavily gilded and not in the best taste. In the St. Stephen's chapel of the building is kept the chief relic of that Saint: his miraculously preserved right hand, which is carried round the town in solemn procession once a year on his feastday the 20th August. In the sacristy (vestry) you will find quite a collection of old sacerdotal vestments, the most interesting among them being the famous coronation robe supposed to have been embroidered by Queen Gizella, St. Stephen's wife. The Crown and Royal insignia are also kept in the Palace. King Mátyás's statue in one of the courts is not very happy in design, though the two hounds at the King's side, are really very lifelike; but there is a good statue of a "csikós" (cowherd) taming a wild horse, on the stairs leading down to the royal riding school. Of all the statues in Budapest I find this the best. If

you approach the Palace it is on your right behind the guardhouse looking towards the hills, but you have to lean over the parapet, or go down the steps to see it. In the St. George Place, at the end of the royal garden stands the bronze "Turul" Eagle, also an emblem of the nation, with outstretched wings, overlooking the Danube and the town.

The Palace of the Prime Ministry is also here, a simple, yet very artistic building in Empire style; it formerly belonged to Count Sándor's family. The reception rooms contain very good tapestry. From a very wide terrace, overlooking the river, you get a most exquisite view of the valley scenery.

The rest of the hill is covered with interesting old houses, most of them dating back to Turkish times or earlier; some with three stories of cellars underneath them and secret passages communicating from one street to another — all hiding places of the Moslem period. This part of the town is quite different from the rest; there is something quiet and ancient about the atmosphere, not at all like the noise and bustle of Pest. Some of the palaces of the aristocracy built on the bastions overlooking

the Danube are very beautiful and contain many interesting works of art. Most of them have tiny gardens at the back with a glorious view. Receptions and balls at these places are not only entertaining, but of great artistic effect. I have watched the dawn from there more than once, creeping up, the distance getting pearly gray and pink, later playing in all kinds of soft and translucent tints from aquamarine to purple and orange, streamers of white mist floating over the river; as foreground a bit of old wall, the lacelike foliage of a tree inky black and unchanging against the multicoloured background.

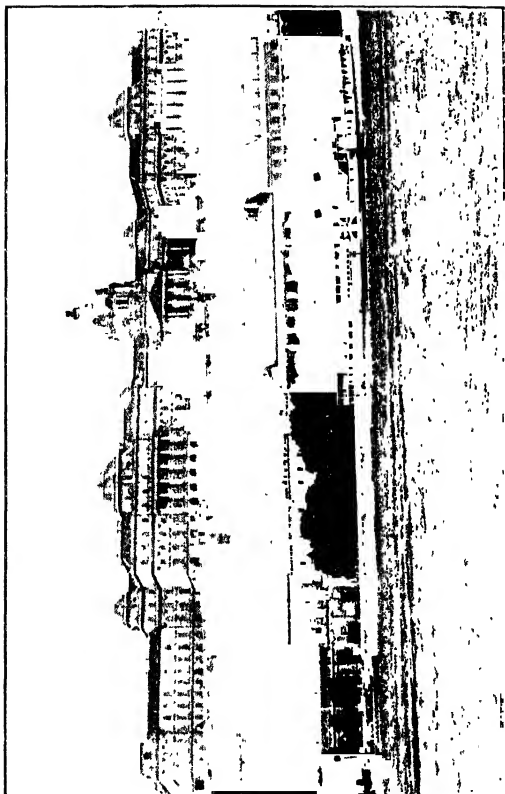
At the foot of the hill in the Fő-utca there are also some Rococo and Empire houses, tiny ones with finely wrought iron railings, stuccoed fronts and stone bas-reliefs; but most of the oldest palaces are in the Werbőczy and Uri-utca. At the end of the latter you find the "Helyőrségi templom" (garrison church) one of the oldest churches, often reconstructed, but the only one which was not turned into a mosque and where Christian divine worship was allowed during the Turkish occupation. Unfortunately but few Gothic details have come down to us.

There exists a bit of very ancient wall and tower in the Iskola-tér which is a remnant of a church belonging to the Dominicans; two Gothic windows still face the square. Beside it is the old Ministry of Finance, built under Emperor Joseph II. in Louis XVI. style; it is rather fine. Before the Mátyás Church stands the group of the Holy Trinity, the work of an Italian artist, erected as a thanksgiving offering at the cessation of the plague in 1714.

CHAPTER V.

REMINISCENCES

And last but not least is the Mátyás, or Our Lady's Church, its origin dating back to St. Stephen's time, quite at the beginning of the eleventh century. It was successively altered by every Monarch; King Mátyás erected the eightsided tower. How curious to think that the Church of Our Lady should have been a Moslem Mosque for over a hundred and forty years, 1541—1686, yet so it was, and the polychrome decorations on the walls, and one or two horse-tail banners of the Prophet give a strikingly oriental touch, rather out of place in a Gothic church. There is a very beautiful statue of the Madonna and Child in the Loretto Chapel, on your right as you enter, of Renaissance workmanship and placed there by King Ulászló II. in 1414 after escaping an attempt on his life. Tradition has it that the statue was walled up during the Turkish occu-



pation and its existence was forgotten by everybody, when all at once during the bombardment of Buda by Charles of Lorraine and his troops, a bit of wall detached itself during Moslem prayers and chants and the Madonna was revealed to the astonished and terrified turbaned congregation. It was looked upon as a bad omen, naturally enough, and nobody was astonished when next day the Hungarians took the place by assault notwithstanding the bravery of Abdi Pasha, who met death at the head of his fierce Janissaries. That was in the year 1686.

King Mátyás's escutcheon decorates one of the walls; it has a crow holding a ring in its beak as central bearing. The curious emblem has for origin the legend that when Mátyás, as a mere boy, was imprisoned at Prague, his anxious mother tried to find a sure and safe way of sending him some message and a ring. Nothing seemed swift enough for her; when a crow tapped at her window, snatched the letter and ring and flew with them to Prague. In three days the bird returned with the answer and ring. Ever since that memorable event, the Hunyadys bear the crow in their arms. In one

of the side chapels are the sarcophagi of King Béla III. and his Byzantine wife: they were found not long ago in Székesfehérvár, and transported here.

Our two last monarchs were crowned in this church (former coronations were always held at Pozsony) with great pomp and splendour. A coronation in Hungary is always an affair of great importance, for the King cannot exercise his rights until he has been anointed, and crowned with the holy Hungarian Crown, which is the symbol of all power. Even the country belongs to it, for it is crownland. The King cannot levy taxes or sanction the laws passed by Parliament before he is crowned. Throughout the whole of Hungarian history, the Crown and the king's attitude towards it have played an important part.

The Habsburgs often tried to dispense with the coronation and rule over Hungary as one of their provinces without pledging faith to the Constitution, but ever and again they were forced to it by the Hungarians standing up for their rights.

The last coronation, in the year 1916, though in the midst of war, was a pageant of great splendour. The streets of Old Buda

were decked out with streaming banners, carpets, festoons of ivy and oak leaves; red, white, and green colours fluttering gaily everywhere. The scions of the oldest families, all on horseback in the wonderful Hungarian costumes of their ancestors, some of them carrying the banners of the different parts of the country, 16 in all, or the Royal Insignia: the Globe with the Apostolic Cross, the Sceptre, St. Stephen's sword, and also another sword of great historic importance: the one which was carried round in times of distress, the sign of war and calamity. Even the bishops are mounted. Red and purple brocades, silks everywhere, cherry coloured or emerald green velvet, costly furs, wonderful old Transylvanian jewelry, weapons of intricate workmanship, embroidered saddles, the horses caparisoned with silver and gold . . . colour, colour everywhere and such a display of riches that the eye can hardly drink it in. After this the wonderful gala carriages with ladies in the long trailing Hungarian gowns, with tiaras, their hair often plaited with ropes of pearls, the bodices one blaze of jewels. Old, old lace veils and aprons treasured in the families through centuries, are brought

to light again and velvet and brocade gowns, heavily embroidered in pearl, silver, gold. And in one of the beautiful glass coaches the Queen with her eldest born — a little lad of four years — all in white, 'dazzling, wreathed in smiles and bowing to the throng.

In the church itself, which is one blaze of light and red hangings, the ceremony lasts a long time for high mass is sung and wonderful melodies rise and fall amid the old Gothic vaults and pillars. Yet at last the solemn moment has come when St. Stephen's Crown is placed on the youthful King's brow by the Prince Primate and a nobleman representing the nation. In this case it was the ill-fated Count Stephen Tisza who crowned the King. Voices rise in a deafening cheer, while cannon from the Gellért Hill proclaim the glad tidings. It is Queen's turn now to be crowned by the Bishop of Veszprém. She is merely touched on the shoulder with the Holy Crown. Thereupon the King is conducted to the group of the Holy Trinity facing the church, where he has to swear to the Constitution. And the sky, which has been clouded till then, suddenly changes, and in a moment the

place is flooded with golden sunshine. The multitude intones the national anthem, that sad, powerful hymn, which is the embodiment of the Magyar's thousand years' hardships and sorrows.

After the last notes have died away, the King mounts his white charger, and with the Crown on his head and St. Stephen's robe on his shoulders he slowly wends his way towards the palace, the noblemen on horseback following in his wake. In St. George's Place there is a hillock formed of earth brought from every county of Hungary. The King galloping up makes his horse rear and gives four cuts with the famous sword towards the four cardinal points, to show that he will defend every side of the country against all foes. Again deafening cheers rend the air at the masterfully executed feat, and the procession resumes its way to the palace, where the banquet and presentations at Court will take place.

Who would have dreamed that the reign which started amid such a glorious display of enthusiasm, would end as sorrowfully as it did? Notwithstanding the dark outlook that the war presented, not one of the multitude in old Mátyás Church that day would

have dreamed of the adored country's falling into the hands of the enemy.

Yet so it is, and the old Church of Our Lady echoes drearily to one's footsteps. It is dark, very dark and mysterious amid the pillars and painted windows, and ghostly vaults, yet as in all Gothic churches, the soul is lifted upwards, above petty worldly cares, and ineffable peace descends Truly, it is only in Gothic churches that prayer comes easily; in Renaissance ones, for instance, there does not seem to be anything elevating, nothing to draw your attention from worldly things, just a mere pleasing of the artistic sense.

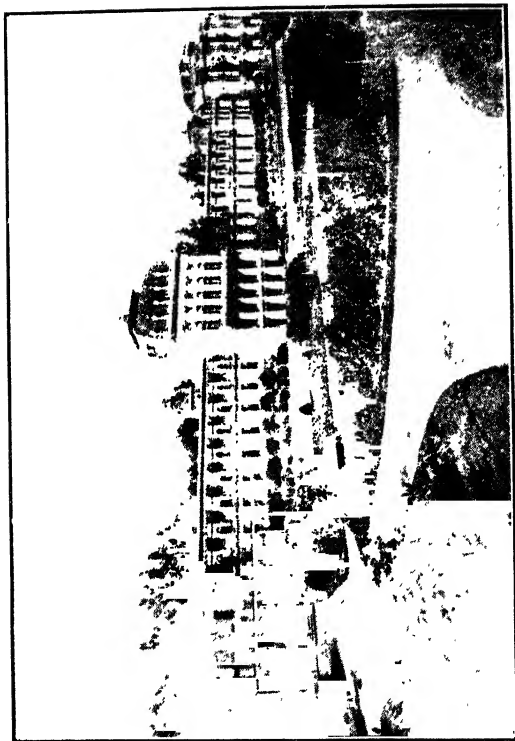
Give me the Middle Ages for faith and devotion, for patient silent sacrifice, for years — a lifetime — devoted to some holy work, sometimes merely the illumination of a book, or the lace-like carving on columns. Unfathomable depth of Love, which the mind now-a-days cannot grasp, only the instinct bids one admire and regard with awe. That was also merely a phase in the history of psychology — a phase, not based on reality, on the plain facts of life as such, yet the aim was high and noble, and we may but bow our heads to it as to a wayside shrine,

even though we continue on a different road. Do you regret all the energy, all the devotion and love that might have been spent differently? Do not do so; labour of love is never wasted. Besides how can you know that the children of the present generation are more right than those were? In the long run all religions are alike, all the different ways and means by which mankind claims to reach its goal, have the same efficacy. For it is the ultimate end we must keep in view, the means by which we try to attain it vary and change with the flow of time; and what seemed yesterday the only possible way, is discarded to-day, for "there's nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so".

And what is the end, the goal we aim at? The perfection of mankind? The soul devoid of all imperfections, pure and resplendent, uniting with the Being, source of all Love and Perfection that our mortal mind cannot grasp but instinctively turns to? Or shall we never reach the end? Will it always be a striving for the moon, and must we be content with the longing and toiling?

This reminds me of Madách's "Tragedy of Man" one of the finest products of litera-

ture — something in the nature of "Faust", perhaps not so learned, but dealing with a subject affording vast opportunities for thought. I was often reminded of Byron's "Cain" while reading it, yet the point of view is different. The ending of "Cain" is quite unsatisfactory; there does not seem to be a way out of the muddle for mankind — no beacon ahead to show the way, whereas in the "Tragedy of Man", though Lucifer unrolls to Adam all the failures that mankind are to be subject to through the whole of history, striving all along, yet never going forward, their best endeavours thwarted, misery and suffering following the noblest aims, yet when Adam in a fit of despair wants to make an end of his life and all the misery to follow, the Almighty prevents him by showing a ray of light, of hope in the darkness "Ember küzdj és bizva biz-zál" ("Man, thou shalt strive and never cease to hope"). The Gothic spire of the Mátyás Church has given rise to many reflections while the day is fast ending; the Danube and distance are getting blue and indistinct, seen from the turrets of the "Halász Bástya" (Fishers' Bastion). Pink clouds are turning purple in the West, a



The Lukács Bath

great hush falls on this quiet part of old Buda, interrupted only by the clear and rippling song of a blackbird perched on one of the white marble towers. And all at once as the shadows close around one, the great bell booms from the belfry and the air vibrates with its deep glorious sound. Here and there the lights appear, one by one, till the two banks of the Danube sparkle like strings of diamonds. The evening breeze sighs and moans in the dark, narrow streets between the high gaunt roofs of the old patriarchal houses.

CHAPTER VI.

POINTS OF EXCURSIONS

The most interesting excursion one can undertake from Pest is to the ruins of the old Roman city of Aquincum, north of Ó-Buda. The simplest way of getting there is of course by motor, but the local train to St. Endre starting from the Pálffy-tér several times in the day, takes you there in less than half an hour. If going by motor, stop on the way at Kis-Czell the old monastery of the Trinitarians, now the property of Mr. Schmidt the well known antiquarian. The house is beautifully furnished with choice rarities brought from all over the world. The proprietor is a thorough connoisseur and has arranged everything with the greatest possible care and taste.

The chief point of attraction at Aquincum is the amphitheatre, partially preserved. There are also the remains of a Mithras

Temple, some baths with the curious heating devices, remains of the aqueduct, an interesting mosaic floor in the gymnasium, a market hall and of course private houses. The place having been excavated the walls barely reach to the surface of the earth, but everything could be plainly reconstructed, even the ruts are visible in the paved streets. All the objects that have been brought to light are in the local museum. The Romans settled here under Hadrian, having recognized the place as an important strategical point. It was the camp of the Second Legion. Valentinianus III. was proclaimed Emperor there in 375.

Gödöllő can be regarded also as a place of excursion, but in fact is not very interesting. It is the summer residence of the rulers, and belongs to the State. Built in Maria Theresa's time, it was the property of the Grassalkoviches, and although quite pretty, it does not differ from many chateaus of that period.

While in Budapest, do not fail to make a trip to Visegrád, a picturesque ruin on the bank of the Danube, and farther on to Esztergom. Both can be reached by boat, a steamer going daily to these places, al-

though, of course, it is quicker and less tedious by motor.

Esztergom with its huge Basilika rearing its dome over the Danube, was founded under St. Stephen, and has been the clerical centre of the country ever since. The "Hercegprimas" or Archbishop of Hungary resides there.

The cathedral of to-day was built only in 1822 as the old one was destroyed time and again by the Turks and other foes. It is in the basilica style and very imposing. The altar piece is a very good copy of Titian's Assumption by an Italian artist. The church contains a monument by Canova, representing the Primate Ambrus. The Bakócz chapel is beautiful renaissance work of King Mátyás's time. To the right of the sanctuary is the treasury with wonderful relics of goldsmith's work, dating back to the eleventh century. Crosses, chalices of Byzantine workmanship, and the famous Calvary of King Mátyás, a piece unique of its kind.

In the palace of the Archbishop there is a very fine collection of old Hungarian pictures.

The cathedral, palace and most of the

town are built on the ramparts of the old fortress, which gives a grim touch to the surroundings; some the small houses cluster on the hillside towards the river, like grey swallows' nests.

Visegrád is lower down the river towards Budapest, and a very picturesque mass of ruins. It dates back to the thirteenth century, but there was a fortification before that time, even in Roman times as certain relics show. The castle where King Solomon is supposed to have been imprisoned was at the foot of the hill, but was completely destroyed by the Tartars. It was only after the departure of these latter that the Magyars deemed it wise to build fortified places on prominent hilltops where they could take refuge in times of danger.

The upper castle was begun by Queen Mary, Béla IV's wife, about the year 1250, and was only a stronghold for the safety of the inhabitants of the surrounding monasteries. It was the scene of conflicts under the Árpád kings and only came to some importance and beauty under the Anjous. Charles Robert himself had two palaces in the lower town, but the fortress was nevertheless rebuilt and embellished by him. The

tower, which is now erroneously called Solomon's Tower is from his reign (1316 onwards). Visegrád's first period of great splendour was when delegates of Rome and other nations assembled there to sit in judgment over the differences existing between the Poles and the Knights of St. John. It was also here that Louis the Great kept his noble prisoners after the Italian campaign, when he went to chastise Naples and its wicked Queen. For centuries to come the Holy Crown was kept in the upper fortress, after having been at Székesfehérvár, even though the kings sometimes transferred their residence to Buda.

Sigismund of Luxemburg also did much for the place (1400), but it was under Mátyás Corvinus that it rose to its greatest splendour. Unfortunately even the site of his famous palace is not positively known, and all our knowledge about it is taken from a picture or two and the descriptions of Nicholas Oláh and Bonfini. Both these writers are lavish in their praises of its magnificence which they compare to the most famous palaces and gardens of Italy and France.

Broad marble steps led up to a wonderful fountain in front of the palace, where

Cupid and the nine Muses played about amid the spray. Innumerable other marble and bronze statues decorated the gardens, while shady walks with scented flowers, bowers and stone benches invited the satin and velvet clad throngs. The palace itself, many stories high, containing 350 rooms, was flat roofed with hanging gardens on top, as can be seen in one of the Corvin Codices. The reception rooms were lavishly decorated, had gilded wood ceilings, while wide carved staircases led up to the gardens above. Some minor buildings for guests and their suites stood to right and left of the palaces.

Only very few stone carvings have come down to us, the most beautiful being the marble relief of the Madonna and Child which crowned the entrance of the chapel situated in the centre of the palace. This beautiful creation of Italian workmanship is kept in the Museum at Esztergom.

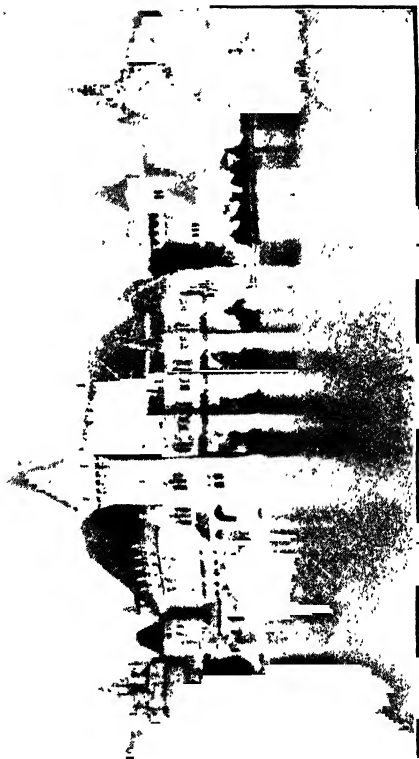
After Mátyás's death the place often changed hands, the Crown nevertheless still being kept in the fortress till the advent of the Turks. For two centuries it saw more than one assault, was destroyed, more or less rebuilt, damaged by foe and friend

alike, till 1686, when the place was cleared of the Moslem for the last time, and the fortress blown up by Imperial order.

King Francis Joseph meant to reconstruct the place, but only partially succeeded in rebuilding the Solomon Tower before the war broke out, and the work could not be continued.

The old six-sided Donjon, the last place of refuge in times of sieges, was five stories high and shows some fine Roman and Gothic windows. Part of the wall leading up to the ruin on the hill top still exists. The footpath also winds its way on that side of the hill. In one place a curious echo is to be heard — curious merely because it can be heard only when standing on a certain spot. An inch farther, one can shout oneself hoarse without any result. This gives rise to many innocent jokes among Sunday sight-seers.

One of the gates leading to the ruins is comparatively well preserved, but most of the walls are a mere lacework against the sky with cascades of wild clematis and shrubs running riot among the stones. A few cisterns are in the courtyards. A curious oblong chamber was regarded for a long



time as the secret place where the Crown had been kept, but it also turned out only to be a cistern. No well seems to have existed — surely a very inconvenient fact during sieges. The chamber where the Crown was really kept in the lower storey of the eastern watch tower, is partially tumbled in, and the entrance impracticable. The floor dividing the lower and upper stories is also gone, and the blue sky looks down into the places which in bygone times were the apartments of queens and kings. On one of the walls of the northern building can still be traced the position of the stone slab, where not so very long ago the arms of the crown guard were carved. Parts of the Renaissance framework are still visible, but the stone itself disappeared in the last century.

The view over the Danube commanded by grim old Solomon's tower, then towards the Pilis hills towards Esztergom, with the green woods for miles and miles around, is very picturesque and fine. Visegrád is really worth coming to see, and the return by boat in the evening is very agreeable.

The steamer glides silently downward, past the big, but rather bare St. Andrew's island, then open country, after that, north

of Pest the small, pretty wooded "Szunyog" (Mosquito) and other islands, with overhanging trees, little creeks, dense vegetation; then after the railway bridge, barges that look black and grim in the fast fading dusk, lights reflected between dark shadows, a mysterious glamour over the town; the gaunt chimneys of some factory, then again some trees — the last struggle of the country devoured by the relentless expansion of the town, then lights again, always more lights. The throb of the steamer is hardly felt, and it seems that the blazing rows of lamps on the quays on either hand are gliding towards us, an enchanting bit of fairyland. The noise traffic, squalor of the city are far away, do not seem to exist; everything is serene, beautiful and perfect. The throbbing life of the multitude does not reach the river. Sorrow, toil, disease, crime are things we have read about in some musty old book. Children are never hungry with pinched, wan faces; people never kill; homes are peaceful, hearths clean, all the women beautiful and kind, Ugliness and crime are a thing of the past, a monster of the Middle Ages. But great deeds, heroic deeds, do not seem to exist either. An orange purple haze

is spread over everything, a peaceful atmosphere — “a land, in which it seemed always afternoon . . .”

But if the voice of the Danube were to arise accusing, inexorable? If the pale faces of those that were driven by misery and hunger, by crime, to the black waves of the river were to appear in the wake of the steamer? If from the cellars of the Parliament, the poor victims who met a cruel death here from Bolsheviks at dead of night were to stretch out their arms? What then?

CHAPTER VII.

ODDS AND ENDS

The theatres of Budapest are very good, maintaining the same standard as at Vienna, which is saying a good deal. Having much temperament, the Hungarians make very good actors. Those at the Gaiety (Vigszínház) and at the National Theatre (Nemzeti Színház) could not be better. Foreigners who do not know the language, miss a good deal in not understanding. French plays are very well given and people who have seen the same play in Paris and in Budapest, often find the Budapest performances even better; they are never slipshod as is often the case in France. The musical comedies are also good, some of the comedians having a very humorous vein. The stars are very pretty, dress well and most of them dance divinely. As these are also intelligible to foreigners I would recommend the "Fővárosi Operette Színház",

"Király Színház". The Opera falls short of that in Vienna, but as that was the best after Munich, it does not say much to its disadvantage. Curiously enough the Wagner Operas are generally the best performances. It is a pity that most of our singers take foreign engagements, but unfortunately we cannot pay them as well as other countries. The nation has very little to spare for helping its talented members, but what is to be done when people are more or less bankrupt? Talents there are, especially in music and literature. Painting is, I think, where we produce the least, or there again the really clever ones go to foreign countries, where they find a wider field of action. The famous László, for instance. The playwrights are always very much appreciated everywhere, because of their cleverness, wit and psychological knowledge. The genre is rather French than anything else, with perhaps a touch of Russian influence. It is a pity that Jews now play a prominent part in literature. For wit and cleverness they have not their match, but the tendency is more or less destructive and defeatiste, typical of the present decadence and the spirit of the age. In winter time there are generally very

good concerts at the Musical Academy or Redoute. Artists come from all over the world.

The chief Budapest Hotels are: the *Ritz* (*Dunapalota*) on the Danube, with sun, wonderful view, every comfort, thé dansant, gipsy band in the evenings. The rooms are very nice and comfortable, servants used to foreigners, while people at the office talk all languages and are able to give you any information required.

Hotel Hungaria and *Hotel Bristol*, also on the Danube, *Astoria*, in the Kossuth Lajos-utca, *Gellért*, on the Buda side with the big bathing establishment in the same building, first class hotels. *Vadászkürt*, *Pannonia* are smaller, but also very good, perhaps less frequented by foreigners.

As restaurants I would recommend Kovács E. M., or the Club Nemzeti Casino; then *Ritz* and *Hungaria*. At Kovács's and the Országos Casino there is always dancing going on in the evenings. For tea, there is the famous *Gerbeaud* establishment in the Vörösmarty-tér or in the Városliget. Lukács's in the Andrássy-ut is very good too. In summer time I would of course advise you to go to the Városliget (town park), Margit-

Sziget (Margaret Island) or the hills, as it is far more pleasant out there.

The principal big shops are in the Váci-utca, Petőfi Sándor-utca and Kossuth Lajos-utca. The best antiquities are at Kállay's in the Piarista-utca, Pick's in the Kristóf-tér, Réthy's in the Városház-utca, etc.

For Hungarian needle-work done by the peasants there is a very good little shop in the tiny Korona-utca between the Váci-utca and the Petőfi Sándor-utca. Another larger shop is in the Kigyó-tér.

CHAPTER VIII.

SHORT HISTORY OF HUNGARY

Hungarian history can be divided into three main periods.

The first, marking the rule of the Árpád House, begins with the entry of the Magyars into this country, about 896, and ends with the death of Endre (Andrew) III., the last Árpáadian, in 1301. The territory occupied by the Hungarians had about the same natural frontiers as pre-peace Hungary, which it kept more or less intact — except for the Turkish occupation — during a lapse of 1000 years. One would imagine the nation to have gained the right of possession! The surrounding countries' claims are quite arbitrary and extremely unjust. The work of civilisation and settling down took, of course, considerable time: yet if we take the state of affairs in 800 and compare it with St. Stephen's reign about the year 1000, we may marvel at the ex-



Fair in Budopest 1830

pedition with which the Magyars adapted themselves to the more enlightened ideas and institutions of the West. This was owing to the ability of some of the Árpád kings and to the indefatigable work of the clergy and different religious orders, who not only converted the heathens to Christianity, but taught them much practical knowledge about farming, tilling and draining of the soil, etc. The monasteries were centres of learning and art. Unfortunately the invasion of the Tartars (1240) completely ruined the country for a time so that the whole work of civilisation had to be commenced anew. The famous "Arany Bulla" (Golden Bull, similar to the English Magna Charta enacted in 1215) was issued in 1222. It is the Constitution of Hungary, and has had an all-important part in the centuries that followed.

During the next period (1301 to 1526) the rulers were elected from different, mostly foreign houses. This gave rise to a good deal of strife and disorder, but had the advantage of keeping up the contact with the more cultured westerns. The Angevin Period was a time of prosperity, power and riches, as was also as the reign of Mathias Corvinus. We come for the first

time across the Turks, who, after taking the Eastern Empire's capital Byzantium (1543) threaten all Christendom with their well equipped armies. The close of this period produces a number of weak rulers under whom the Moslem gains ground, and it ends with the decisive and for Hungary so disastrous battle of Mohács, which leaves the country open to the Turks' rule.

The third period, 1526—1867, marks the advent of the *Habsburgs* to the Hungarian throne. The country is divided first into three parts: the Western, under the Habsburgs, the Southern under Turkish occupation, and Transylvania with part of Northern Hungary, ruled by national leaders. The Moslem devastated the country for over two hundred years; destroyed every vestige of culture and dragged the population into slavery; his armies are victorious everywhere in spite of the heroic defence and wonderful feats of bravery displayed by the Hungarians. The national fraction in Transylvania is continually up against the Habsburgs, who try to rule despotically without any regard to the Constitution. Of the two ills the Turks are often looked upon as the smaller evil and are even asked

to support the Transylvanians in throwing off the Austrian yoke. But this party gradually loses its power and the Habsburgs come to rule over the whole country. After the deliverance of the country from the Turks, the differences between the rulers and the nation continue, but war is confined to parliamentary quarrels, except in 1848, when the nation rises for the last time in rebellion, in defence of its rights and constitution. Though defeated at the time its demands are granted a few years later, and Hungary becomes a free country with an independent Parliament having nothing in common with Austria but the person of the Emperor (in Hungary called the King) and the Departments of Finance, War and Foreign Affairs.

I. Period. The present area of Hungary has witnessed many a great and important historical event. Situated as it is between Western Europe and the Levant, a bulwark against the hordes that every now and again emerged from Asia, it has the hard, but glorious task of defending Western civilisation against Oriental barbarism. The Romans were aware of its strategical importance and took possession of it as early as 35 B. C. under Octavianus. Many of the present

towns were founded in Roman times, though unluckily but very few relics of that nation have come down to us. The country was divided into Pannonia, in the West, and Dacia, in the East. The principal Roman colonies were of course all along the Danube from Vindobona (Vienna) down to the famous Trajan road still visible, cut into granite rocks, where the mighty river narrows and turns into a foaming torrent at the so-called "Iron Gates", the frontier of pre-peace Hungary. Vespasian, starting as a common soldier in the Pannonian Legions, was a son of these parts, and it is at Sabaria — now Szombathely — the principal town of Western Hungary — that he was proclaimed Caesar by his troops. And as the great Roman Empire slowly crumbled, there came all those different peoples from Central Asia, drawn irresistibly to witness the great Decline and Fall, to get a share of the glorious plunder. One nation driving another before it, they passed this way with herds of cattle, chariots, horses with their women, children and treasures - treasures plundered on the way. Every now and again the tomb of some chieftain is discovered — generally only a mound of earth — but containing

relics of those times, arms and ornaments golden vessels, trinkets, curious primitive beads.

First came, at the end of the fourth century, the renowned Huns with the world famous Attila at their head. He it was, who, like the "Scourge of God", swept everything before him as far as Italy and only turned back at Aquileia when the Pope himself came to meet him. He seems to have had a vision of St. Peter barring his way. Do you recall the scene in one of Raphael's Stanzas? A dark myth tells of Attila's quarrel with his brother Buda, ending in the murder of the latter. There does not seem to be a historical background to the curious interweaving of the Niebelungen tales with Attila ("King Etzel") and Krimhilda's revenge. Tradition has it that Attila died by poison. The short greatness of the Huns ended with his death. Already in the great battle of the Catalaunian Fields in France against the allied armies of Aetius, Meroveus and Theodoric, Attila had to quit the field after a fierce fight.

The Huns were followed by the Avars with their curious cities, camps rather, — a central mound, and circle after circle of

trenches round it, to keep the enemy out. And then the different tribes of Goths, but they one and all disappeared, their vestiges mixing with the Latin and Slav races, so that hardly a trace of them remains except for the student of craniology who may find some variations in certain skulls, traceable to the great migration of peoples.

It is in 896 that the Magyars first appear in this country. A Finno-Ugrian people, they mixed during their march westward with Turkish tribes in the districts of the Volga. Drifting into the country over the Eastern mountain range they recognised the geographical unity of the land as favourable for forming an independent state. The central plain was encircled on three sides by impassable mountain ranges whence all the waterways flowed into the Danube, which formed the southern barrier. It was the merit of the nation, and of the Árpád chiefs, that, unlike their predecessors, they recognised the necessity of forming a regular state and giving up their nomad habits. Instead of settling down in the marshy and wooded regions between Danube and Tisza, they chose the far more civilised districts on the right bank of the Danube, where they found

thriving Slav settlements, which had never formed an organised state. From this central base the Magyars followed for about 150 years their instinct of plundering their neighbours and raiding them as far as Switzerland and France, to the West, and Constantinople in the South. But after that, under St. Stephen, they adopted Christianity and became a kingdom more or less on the model of their Western neighbours.

Stephen was one of the ablest rulers we have had. With astonishing foresight he neither sought the protection of Byzantium nor that of the German emperor, but turned to the Pope for recognition of his kingship. Silvester II. in acknowledgment of his services, sent him an apostolic cross and a crown which to this day is part of the Holy Hungarian Crown.

This was in the year 1001, and remember that the Hungary of 1918 dates back as far as that. Croatia was annexed 90 years later and always formed a part of the country more independent than the rest.

The work of conversion and civilisation did not always go smoothly, but Stephen and his heirs eventually did get the better of the powerful heathen chieftains and enforced

their rule everywhere. The country was divided into Counties, an institution typically Hungarian, and destined to play a prominent part in the political and constitutional life of the nation. As an administrative and political body the Counties had great independence and power. Affairs of state were regulated by the National Assemblies (Diets), which consisted of the nobles (higher and minor nobility) and the clergy. Nobility in Hungary was not an exclusive caste as in other countries; all enfranchised Hungarians had the same privileges, and the number of voters in the assemblies was (in comparison) thrice as large as, for instance, the number of those in France after the Revolution. All the land belonged at first to the King, who gave great grants of it and extensive rights to bishoprics and religious orders. Later on, under weaker rulers, always more and more land was conferred on the nobles for services rendered or in order to enlist their support. The feudal system of the Western countries only appeared here later, and never on the same scale.

The distribution of the population was quite different from that of post-Turkish times: we see numbers of thriving Magyar



Tabán. part of old Buda

settlements in the South, in Sirmium, where the Serbs only drifted in after the Turkish devastation. The Slav of Northern Hungary had not yet appeared either, except in the Western districts. The so-called White Croats were brought in from Poland in small numbers by the Árpáds themselves to clear the impenetrable forests that covered some part of the country. The Saxons of Upper Hungary and Transylvania, as well as the Székelys (Magyar colonists from Pannonia) in the latter district, were settlers placed to guard the frontiers on the inner side of the so-called Clausae or "march-belts" (waste land) by which the Magyars encircled their country. Roumanians were not present then and only filtered into the country much later as shepherds. The primitive Slav population of Pannonia amalgamated entirely with their conquerors. Under the Árpád rule, just as in later times, the Hungarians rarely undertook any conquering expeditions. Their fights were confined to border strife in the South or against their German neighbours, who occasionally tried to lay claim to the Western part of the country.

St. Stephen, through great donations to the Clergy, stimulated the building of con-

vents and churches. Some fine Gothic ones have come down to us, but unfortunately few in number, as most of them were destroyed during the subsequent wars. Our principal towns, generally on the site of Roman settlements, all date back to the first century of the Hungarian kingdom. The great raid of the Tartars in the thirteenth century destroyed most of the first civilisation as well as the greater part of the population, yet, somehow, the country recovered from it remarkably quickly.

Of the Árpád rulers I will only mention, after St. Stephen, St. *László*, who united Croatia with Hungary, fought victoriously against the last heathens, and was on the Pope's side in the great controversy of the Hohenstauffens and Gregory VII. *Koloman the Bibliophil* was famous for his learning as his name implies; he won some battles on the Dalmatian coast against Venice. The first Crusade under Godfrey de Bouillon passed through the country during his reign. The year 1222 sees the issuing of the Golden Bull, seven years later than the Magna Charta of England under King John Lackland. It was brought about by the nation's having bad times under a weak and unpopular

ruler, *Andrew II.*, who wasted the country's resources for his own ends and also in undertaking a Crusade to the Holy Land. The nobles were alienated by his protecting in a marked way the foreigners who flocked to his court. The Act which established once and for all the relative rights of Nation and Ruler, very much restricted the power of the King, and invested the Nation with the right of even defending the Constitution by force of arms if the ruler did not hold to the accepted terms.

In 1278, an Árpád king with his army helped Rudolf of Habsburg to gain a decisive victory over Ottokar, King of Bohemia, establishing thereby the power of the Habsburg House.

Period II. With the extinction of the Árpád dynasty numerous claims were of course laid to the throne; but the nation generally elected some descendant of the last kings in the female line. The two Anjou rulers, especially *Louis the Great*, mark a time of prosperity and Italian influence. The country had thrice its usual dimensions, for Louis was not only king of Poland, but also ruled Naples for a short time after the murder of his brother by the latter's wife, the famous

Joan. Needless to say these enterprises were purely family politics and not according to the will of the nation. Hungary was very prosperous under the rule of Louis, and owes him many salutary reforms in administration and jurisdiction.

His successors were less able rulers, whilst *Sigismund*, as Emperor of Germany, was occupied elsewhere. The Turks for the first time appear on the scene. It is unfortunate that the King did not realise the dangerous importance of the new power and made but halfhearted attempts at beating them off. The nation alone, notwithstanding its numerous victories, and the prowess of John Hunyady, one of the greatest heroes of Christendom, was yet not strong enough to strike a decisive blow at Islam. Western Europe ought to have undertaken a united crusade against it; but the Popes' endeavours were but partially supported. Step by step the Turks gained ground. In 1456, under Sultan Mohamed II., Constantinople fell into their hands, an event of decisive consequence.

The greatest and only national King of that period was *King Mátyás* the son of Hunyady, a Renaissance ruler of the Italian

kind, so far as patronising the arts goes, but otherwise the idol of the people, which is more than can be said of his Italian colleagues. The royal residences of Buda and Visegrád showed a splendour unequalled elsewhere; his Corvin Library was world famous. Through his Italian wife Beatrix of Aragon, numerous scholars came to court, like Bonfini, Regiomontanus Galleotti the astrologer and historian, who ended his days at Louis XI.'s court. Mátyás's first standing army, with which he fought the Turk and Giskra's Bohemian troops, was famous for bravery and discipline. New taxation laws were issued as well as customs regulations; jurisdiction reached a very high moral plane, for which he earned the byname of "The Just" from the people. Schooling also came under his notice, and we find a new university at Pozsony, a high school at Pest, a printing office at Buda. Mátyás broke the strength of the nobles and ruled with a firm hand; but unfortunately he had no heir capable of continuing his policy. After becoming King of Bohemia and Prince of Austria, he died at Vienna, leaving the Crown an object of strife between the Polish Jagellos and the Habsburgs. The following

years mark a serious decline in the prosperity of the nation. Disorder reigns, the people are oppressed, are heavily taxed, and not even the wise Palatine Werbőczy's work on Legislation, the "Tripartitum", was taken any account of at the time. (It formed, later, the basis of legislation till 1848.) The spreading Reformation and the counter-tendencies only served to disturb more and more the state of affairs. A great revolt of the people did not improve their lot. After being dispersed they saw even their few privileges taken from them.

Meanwhile the Turks made steady headway, and at the battle of Mohács, where King *Louis II*, most of the highest dignitaries and the greater part of the army perished, they completely defeated the Magyars (1526). Soliman with his army marched on Buda and after collecting immeasurable riches, amongst which was the famous Corvin Library, departed back to Constantinople.

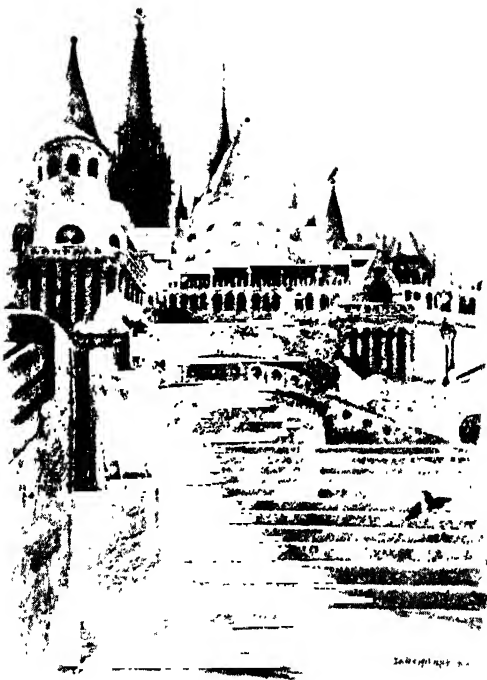
Period III. Mohács was the grave of the old Hungarian Kingdom. The nation was completely ruined, the country divided into three parts. The Western and some of the Northern districts recognised *Ferdinand* of

Habsburg, Charles V.'s brother, and brother-in-law of the late King, as their ruler, and crowned him King of Hungary, for they hoped that with the aid of the powerful German Emperor they would overcome the Turks. Unfortunately the Emperor did not fulfil their expectations, being occupied elsewhere. Southern and Middle Hungary were in the hands of the Turks, who oppressed the people and devastated the countryside. The land and serfs owned by the Sultan's officials were especially heavily taxed and badly treated, so that whole villages emigrated to the Sultan's properties, where administration was more lenient. Some of the principal Alföld towns date back to that time. In the other evacuated districts we come for the first time upon Serb settlements. The Turks undertook five consecutive conquering raids on the rest of Hungary and directed their attempts on Vienna more than once. Great deeds of heroism are recorded to the honour of the small Hungarian garrisons defending the fortified places, and have been sung by Magyar and foreign poet alike. That Vienna escaped the fate of Buda is also owing to the bravery of the intervening strongholds. The Hungarian

capital was definitely occupied by the Turks in 1541, and their yoke weighed on the town till 1686.

The Eastern part of the country — Transylvania — was ruled by national princes who recognised the overlordship of the Sultan, but by paying an annual tribute, escaped harassing by the Moslem. They ruled more or less after the Hungarian Constitution and held annual Diets, which consisted of an Upper Chamber (Magnates and Clergy) and a Lower (minor nobles and the representatives of the towns) where the affairs of the state were discussed. Some of the princes with great private properties were of course able to rule more autocratically; still we do not find abuses of their power. All their energy was always enlisted for defending the National cause. Theirs was a very hard position, a continuous balancing between Austria and the Turks, and it took all the cleverness of a diplomat like Martinuzzi to outwit the one and the other.

Transylvania flourished under the new rule: arts and learning were protected, literature revived, especially religious controversy. National and religious tolerance was so widespread that we find some of the



The Fishermen's Bastion and the Mathias Church

princes even instituting a special press for Roumanian religious literature. The latter people were slowly coming in from the Balkans where the Turks and their Greek officials were despotically oppressing them. In regard to the Reformation, Transylvania embraced the new faith and, under the great Prince Bethlen, took sides against the Catholic Habsburgs in the Thirty-Years'-War. Gabriel Bethlen with his army was a powerful ally of the Swedes, and managed to conquer most of the Hungarian territory occupied by Austria. The Transylvanian party was, nevertheless, very tolerant to the old religion; the National Diet of 1557 recognised liberty of worship for Lutheran and Catholic alike, whilst the Diet of 1564 did as much for the Calvinists. This at a time when in the rest of Europe religious persecution was raging, as it was to do for another century or so. The middle of the seventeenth century sees the Counter-Reformation of the Jesuits headed by the learned and wise bishop Pázmány. It had very salutary effects, for both parties tried to gain the upperhand by educating the people, so that quite a number of high schools, a university and a seminary were instituted.

Whenever the Habsburgs did not hold themselves to the terms of the Hungarian Constitution, — as was often the case — and tried to rule the country from Vienna through their officials, the people would turn for help to Transylvania, which, as under *Báthory*, *Bocskay* and *Bethlen*, often forced the King, by a series of victories, to swear to the Constitution. (Peace of Vienna, 1606, for instance.) Needless to say, these treaties were violated directly the Transylvanian danger seemed laid for a time; and we find a *Rudolf*, for instance, settling down at Prague and troubling himself more about his priceless collections than about the affairs of his dominions. The National Assembly was only convoked when money was needed. Yet the time of the centralisation of power in Vienna only began with *Leopold I.* (1657—1705), after the French model of Louis XIV. He tried to govern the country as a province with four Austrian and four Hungarian advisers, whilst his aim and ambition was to oppress the Magyars wherever it was possible and to break their power once and for all. This only ended with another revolt headed by *Thököly* and backed by the Turk, who took the

offered opportunity of beleaguering Vienna and would have taken it but for the sudden appearance of Sobiesky, the Polish king, and his army. The tide of war turned, especially with Prince Eugene of Savoy as general of the imperial army, which counted many foreign troops among its numbers, for the Pope Innocent XI. favoured this great enterprise. The Turks were driven back all along the Danube, Buda was retaken and all the land down to the Southern frontier. The Peace of Karlovicz (1699) saw the country cleared of the Moslem. All Europe rejoiced, only Hungary, which was principally concerned, did not profit by it. Thököly's cause was of course lost with the Turk's defeat; an inquisition was established in Northern Hungary, whilst Leopold, in acknowledgment of his services rendered to the nation, made the Diet of Pozsony (1687) resign the nation's right of defending its constitution by force of arms, as was stipulated in the Golden Bull. His proposal that the Crown should remain hereditary in the Habsburg family was also accepted. The nation had given up, of its own free will, two of its most important privileges. On the other hand Leopold pledged himself to keep the Constitu-

tion, which did not hinder him from thwarting the Magyars everywhere. The depopulated land evacuated by the Turks was not given back to the Hungarian nobles who laid rightful claim to it, but was distributed among Austrians, whilst, instead of colonising with Magyars, numerous Serb and German colonists were made to settle down and given extensive rights, with the privilege of being direct subjects of the Habsburgs. Through this system the Hungarians were more and more pushed into the background; and instead of using the comparative peace that reigned for bringing salutary reforms into administration, commerce, culture, etc., they stubbornly held to their privileges and rights as the surest guards of their national independence. The power of the Counties was especially strictly maintained. Leopold's policy produced another great rebellion under *Rákóczy*, whom Louis XIV backed in order to weaken the Habsburg power, which had been France's greatest opponent ever since Francis I. That monarch had enlisted the Turks to oppose Austria, whilst Louis sought the Hungarians' aid. Unfortunately his instigations were not followed by adequate support, so that the famous

"Kuruc" (malcontent band) wars, which began with glory and victory, ended as disastrously as the others, with the peace of Szatmár (1711). The heroic Rákóczy was banished and ended his days in Turkey with a few faithful friends, after having passed some time at Louis XIV.'s court where he reorganised the French cavalry. Some of the technical terms still used there are of pure Hungarian origin. All that was gained by the Rebellion was an extensive Kuruc literature. The whole movement reminds one of the times of the Cavaliers in England.

Henceforth Transylvania ceased to be ruled by separate princes and had to recognise the Habsburgs.

Charles III's reign marks an amelioration in the affairs of the country. Military, commercial and cultural reforms were begun, Bosnia was partially annexed after a further victory over the Turks. The acceptance of the Pragmatic Sanction by the Diet was of the utmost consequence, for it recognised the right of the female line of the Habsburg House to the Crown. The Act has also many points of importance regarding the mutual relations of Austria and Hungary. Some of

them are so cunningly worded that they form to this day a great source of controversy. In Austria, where the Monarch was absolute ruler, the "Pragmatic Sanction" is only a Family Law of the Habsburgs, dealing with the order in which they were to succeed to the throne. In Hungary it was more of an agreement between the Monarch and Nation, to the effect that the latter recognised the Austrian House's right of succession, that is: the Austrian Emperor as such was to be King of Hungary at all times. The compact was also a bond of mutual defence between the two Nations of the Monarchy.

With the advent of Maria Theresa history is more and more entangled with present political and national questions, so that we shall have to deal at greater length with later events.

Maria Theresa (1740—1780) ruled the country for forty years wisely and with a firm grasp; she is one of the greatest rulers we have had.

Hardly had she taken possession of the throne, when her Empire was attacked on all sides by the surrounding powers, who would not recognise the Pragmatic Sanction. Sorely pressed and assailed by the enemy,

she sought the protection and aid of the Hungarians at the famous Pozsony Diet of 1741. All in black, with her young son on her arm, she tearfully submitted her sad position to the Assembly. Their chivalry was soon roused, and we find them rising as one man with drawn swords, shouting: "*Vitam et sanguinem pro rege nostro Maria Theresia.*" They voted troops and a considerable sum for the defence of the throne, which soon turned the tide of war. Most of the enemy were defeated, excepting the Prussians, and peace was signed at Aachen, where the Pragmatica was accepted and recognised. Only Frederic II. would not hear of it, and hostilities were reopened for the possession of Silesia. Though an army led by Hadik, Nádasdy and Esterházy, advanced as far as Berlin and Potsdam, yet a complete victory was never gained over Frederic, and the Seven Years' War ended with the Prussians keeping Silesia. The first division of Poland between the Prussians, Russians and Austrians took place at this time, the last king Poniatowsky having lost the favour of the Great Catherine.

The rest of Maria Theresa's reign was peaceful, and the wise Queen took the

opportunity of rendering her dominions prosperous. She continued and enlarged her father's reforms, especially in regard to education. The Vienesse Theresianum was founded by her for the children of Hungarian nobles; new bishoprics were established, the Orders of St. Stephen and of the Hungarian Guards instituted, which drew numbers of nobles to court. The Royal Palace of Pest and many other buildings of importance were erected during her reign. Fiume and the frontier districts were placed under Hungarian administration, excepting a line of military defences all along the southern frontier, beginning with the Széklers in Transylvania, right down to Croatia. The lot of the serfs was ameliorated and privileges were given to them; agriculture and forestry protected, agrarian production increased. Only industry and commerce flagged because of the unjust customs regulations. The agrarian products exported from the Monarchy were severely taxed, as were all industrial products that were imported. The outcome of this was that Hungary had to sell her superfluous corn to Austria at a very low price, and was compelled to obtain all needful industrial articles from that country.



View of Mathias Church from the Parliament

Joseph II. (1780—1790) strove to unite all the nationalities he ruled over in one powerful state. Imbued with the new ideas then flourishing in France, all his endeavours were for the wellbeing of his people. Unfortunately he tried to attain this aim in a ruthless manner uncongenial to his subjects, especially when he sought to do away with national peculiarities and traditions. A peasant revolt in Transylvania and the expulsion of the Austrians from the Netherlands were the effects of his arbitrary rule.

Francis I. (1790—1835). The revolution in France getting more and more fierce, war broke out, for Austria deemed it advisable to ally itself with Prussia in order to quench any spark of the revolutionary spirit that might appear in the rest of Europe. Hungary, though not taking an active part in the war, offered numerous troops and a considerable amount of money for the defence of Austria. Napoleon's endeavours to bring discord between the nation and its ruler failed, for Hungary remained true to the Habsburgs. But the allied armies were not able to cope with the French, and Emperor Francis was made to resign his title of "Römischer Kaiser Deutscher Nation" and was henceforth only

Emperor of Austria. During all his reign he was haunted by the dread of revolution. Everything that but remotely resembled democracy was firmly quenched. The Holy Alliance organised by the Czar Alexander after the Napoleonic wars only increased the spirit of intolerance and backwardness.

Metternich was the staunchest supporter and agent of this movement. A formidable network of secret police and spies was established, and the censure on all papers prevented the publication, not only of foreign political works, but of any products of literature whatsoever. Hungary was again oppressed by Austria's autocratic rule; all former reforms were revoked; but as long as Metternich did not interfere with the privileges of the nobles, Hungary patiently bore all the unjust rules enforced on the nation. The consequences of the long war, however, made themselves felt, for the finances of the country were in a sad state. In spite of the high taxes collected, the State debts could not be paid and bankruptcy was declared. The great fall in values which ensued ruined landowner and tenant alike.

The torpor in which the nation had been sunk through Metternich's policy did not last

long, and we see a revival of the national spirit, first of all in literature. Poets and authors of great talent appeared with their works. Some of them as members of the Imperial Guard at Vienna, well acquainted with French literature, tried to imitate that style, others adhered to the Greek and Latin classics, while a fraction cultivated the real Hungarian genre. To mention but a few of the well-known writers, I shall cite *Kazinczy*, a great author and reformer of the language; *Kölcsey*, author of many beautiful poems; among others the text of the National Anthem was written by him. *Sándor Kisfaludy* was a poet who mostly used as subjects old national legends and myths, while his brother, *Charles Kisfaludy*, was a playwright; József Katona's famous tragedy "*Bánk Bán*" dates from that period. Science too began to prosper, and the first Hungarian daily papers appeared. Count George Festetich founded an agricultural school on his estate at Keszthely (Transdanubia), while Count Francis Széchenyi made a present of his beautiful private collection to the State; it formed the basis of the present National Museum. A Military Academy also, the Ludovica, was founded at Pest.

This renaissance made itself felt not only in literature and science, but also in politics. The nation got tired of Metternich's rule, and Emperor Francis, at the request of the Palatine, Archduke Joseph of Habsburg, a great friend of the Hungarians and a respecter of their constitution, deemed it wise to convoke the National Assembly. The Diets of 1825—1827 and 1830 passed many beneficial Bills, in spite of the Emperor's endeavours to the contrary. Here we meet for the first time with the name of Count Stephen Széchényi, the "greatest Hungarian", who sacrificed his whole life to further the cause of his country. After completing his education and travelling abroad for some years, he took indefatigable part in the movement which was pending in the crisis to which the affairs of Hungary had come. The Upper House of the Parliament strongly objected to the new ideas, yet it was compelled to pass some laws affecting the condition of the people. The serfs, though not yet altogether free, enjoyed much more liberty, and were not taxed so excessively as before. Hungarian was made the official language in Parliament instead of the Latin hitherto used. The building of

a bridge between Buda and Pest was undertaken. This was the Lánchíd (Suspension Bridge) where nobles and people alike had to pay toll when crossing. The first Danube Steamship Company, the regulation of the "Iron Gates" and the Tisza river, which yearly inundated the surrounding country, the Royal Hungarian Academy of Sciences, for which he sacrificed one year's entire income, the National Casino, the Farming and Agricultural Association, all owe their existence to Count Stephen Széchenyi.

Ferdinand V. ascended the throne during the meeting of the Houses. Both he and Metternich were seriously alarmed at the turn events were taking, and thought it time to put a stop to this display of national spirit. Some of the leaders of the youthful enthusiasts were imprisoned under one pretext or another.

Louis Kossuth, who was to become so famous in course of time, was sentenced for having edited a paper, recording the daily occurrences at the National Assembly. The heroic Baron Wesselényi, who saved some thousand lives from the great flood at Budapest, was imprisoned in his turn for having compelled the Government to

convoke the Diet of Transylvania, and for having issued a diary of the meetings there from a private printing office; Lovassy and others were imprisoned for like offences. Now that the national craving for freedom was excited, such acts of violence only helped to strengthen the opposition, which was getting so alarming that Ferdinand thought it expedient to give full pardon to the prisoners at the Diet of 1839, which refused to sit under other conditions.

We see the two houses for the first time divided into Conservatives and Liberals. The former were headed by Count Dessewffy, who hoped to moderate the ardour of the other party, while the Liberals were led by the wise Francis Deák. In the Upper House we find Count Batthyányi, Baron Eötvös, Count László Teleki. Stephen Széchenyi held himself aloof. His idea was to make the country prosperous so as to enable it in time to throw off the Austrian yoke, whereas Kossuth, who since his release was getting more and more popular, stood up for the idea of first breaking with Austria and then setting to work to reorganise and enrich the country. A serious controversy ensued between the two politicians. Széchenyi accused

his opponent of driving the nation into Revolution by his fiery speeches. Kossuth's reply showed that he had the same aim as Széchenyi, only differing from him as to the method to be employed.

The Diet took up the cause of industry and commerce; a number of Stock Companies and Commercial Banks were founded. The Act for taxing the nobles did not pass this time, but many of those concerned offered considerable sums of money of their own free will. The differences between the Conservatives and the Liberals became more and more accentuated and the climax was reached at the memorable Diet of 1847—1848.

The King opened it at Pozsony with a Hungarian speech, an event which had not occurred for three hundred years, and all parties were united in electing Archduke Stephen of Habsburg Palatine, after the death of the popular Archduke Joseph. But after this favourable beginning the parties divided. Kossuth and his Liberals were for a change of Government and Administration, but did not gain their object of thus obtaining a responsible Cabinet, till the news of the French February Revolution

arrived. This had the greatest consequences; and we see Vienna also rising in revolt, instigated by Kossuth's fiery speeches. Metternich's government was dismissed and a Constitution claimed for Austria too. On hearing the Viennese events, the Palatine himself proposed the acceptance of Kossuth's programme, and a deputation started for Austria. Kossuth was acclaimed everywhere, and the alarmed Court granted the request to form a responsible Government.

Meanwhile, the 15th of March was a day of great rejoicing at Budapest. Petőfi the great poet and Maurice Jókai, the famous author, led the people. The national flag was unfolded and shouts of Liberty, Fraternity, Equality arose everywhere. Petőfi recited his famous poem "Talpra Magyar" before the multitude from the steps of the National Museum. Jókai read the Twelve Points containing the nation's requests. after which they all proceeded to the principal printing-office, where innumerable copies of the poem "Talpra Magyar" were struck off. A guard was also organised for public security, so that the whole movement developed without any great disturbance.



St. Stephen's Cathedral

The first responsible Government was formed at Pozsony under Batthyányi; Deák Kossuth and Széchényi all took part in it. The Diet proclaimed the equality of all Hungarian subjects before the law and regarding taxation. The serfs were enfranchised and land was distributed among them; all religions received the same privileges; Transylvania was to be united with Hungary, the National Assembly to be convoked every year at Pest.

The nation had now got what it wanted, but its triumph was of short duration. Austria, used as it was to reckoning upon the finances and armed forces of Hungary, had no wish to give up this custom, and tried by every means to weaken the nation. The Imperial Court and its so-called Camarilla took advantage of the national movements that were beginning to spread among the Slovaks, Roumanians and Croats, to instigate those peoples to open revolt. The Serbs and Croats were the first to clamour for liberty under Jellacsics, the sworn enemy of the Magyars, and proclaimed their independence. Ferdinand did not openly sanction their government, yet took no measures to suppress the revolt, and

even refused to send home the Hungarian troops occupied in Italy, notwithstanding the repeated demands of Batthányi's government. The Roumanians of Transylvania also took advantage of the opportunity and their bands scourged the country. Kossuth thought it expedient to increase the military forces, to which the Diet immediately consented. But the King, urged by the Camarilla, would not sanction the measures of defence, so that the Palatine, after a vain effort to compel Jellacsics, stationed in the Trans-Danubian counties, to retire, resigned together with the Government. Ferdinand designated Count Lamberg as Military Governor of Hungary, Mailáth as his Representative, and Baron Vay as Prime Minister. The Diet would not accept these appointments, and the exasperated people killed Lamberg on the bridge of Pest. Széchényi, who foresaw the ruin of his people, without being able to turn the tide, was so overcome by the impending calamity that he lost his reason and had to spend the rest of his life in the asylum at Döbling. During lucid intervals he wrote his memoirs, but ended by committing suicide in one of his fits of insanity.

After Lamberg's murder the king dissol-

ved the Parliament and proclaimed Jellacsics — of all people — Military Governor of Hungary and Transylvania. The Diet, which would not dissolve, was led by Kossuth, and did everything in its power to arm the country against its numerous foes. Troops were raised everywhere 'amidst extraordinary enthusiasm, and the nation sacrificed all it possessed to save its liberty. Poets and authors animated the people with patriotic songs and articles, the daily papers helped to keep up the people's spirit. The leaders of the "Honvéd" (home defence) forces: Damjanich, the brave Görgey, the Poles Dembinszky and Bem, gained one victory after another over the Roumanians, Croats and Slovaks. Jellacsics was forced to retire to Austria. Meanwhile another revolt broke out at Vienna, and the Court escaped to Olmütz; Ferdinand resigned in favour of *Francis Joseph I.*

The first act of the new ruler was to send Windischgraetz at the head of the Austrian Army to Hungary in order to put down Kossuth's revolt. Detachments of the Austrian forces broke into the country from all sides and fought side by side with the nationalities. They were defeated, and

Windischgraetz only succeeded in marching into Budapest, which Kossuth had evacuated, for the latter deemed it wiser to transfer the seat of Government to Debrecen. Bem made the enemy retreat everywhere in Transylvania and even defeated the Russian forces which were called in to assist by the Austrian General Puchner. The battle of Kápolna, which lasted two days, was of doubtful issue, so that Windischgraetz could triumphantly inform the Emperor that he had completely defeated the revolted hordes and hoped to be in Debrecen in a few days. On getting the news the young Monarch thought it time to issue a proclamation as to the general lines of government he intended to adopt. According to this proclamation, Hungary was to be administered as a simple province of Austria. Kossuth's party was naturally outraged, and declared the Habsburg-Lothringen House to have forfeited its right to the Hungarian throne. This was on the 14th April 1849.

This was followed by the retaking of Buda by Görgey, and a series of victories which cleared the country of all foes. Austria, perceiving that she was not strong enough alone to defeat Hungary, sought and ob-

tained the aid of Czar Nicholas. A force of 200,000 Russians poured into the country led by Prince Paskievich, while Haynau, replacing Windischgraetz, marched with the Austrian troops against the Capital.

Kossuth called on Europe in the name of justice, but only got sympathy. The tide turned in favour of the enemy, and the national army suffered more than one defeat notwithstanding its bravery and the heroism of some of the leaders. Slowly but surely the noose was tightened round them and it was only a matter of choice which enemy to surrender to. Görgey, the Commander in Chief, demonstrated his attitude towards Austria by surrendering to the Russians at Világos on August 13th 1849. The Russians soon evacuated the country after this sad event, leaving Austria free way to commence its work of reprisals. Görgey's life was spared at the Czar's request, but Count Batthyányi with some of his partisans at Pest, and thirteen generals at Arad, were executed. Crowds of people escaped to Turkey and other countries where they were well received, but had to end their days in exile. Kossuth also went abroad, paid a visit to London, where Lord Palmerston

graciously received him, to Queen Victoria's great disapproval. Strange to say this was the outward reason for the Secretary for Foreign Affairs' sending in his resignation. Kossuth, after visiting America, died in Italy.

Haynau was the all-powerful ruler of Hungary, and his rule was even more merciless and bloody than the ill famed Inquisition had been.

Alexander Bach, Minister in Austria, began the administrative reforms. The country was divided into five smaller governments; not a vestige of the old Constitution was left. Everything was determined by Imperial Decrees, even such paltry matters as fashions and the like. Austrian and Czech officials were placed everywhere, the German language was enforced and a system of spying and reporting came in vogue, just as in the time of Metternich.

The nation followed Deák's advice of passive resistance, but otherwise patiently submitted.

Bach's rule was harmful in more than one respect, and not only in Hungary, but also in Austria. The bad administration had serious financial results, which were only made worse by Austria's awkward partici-

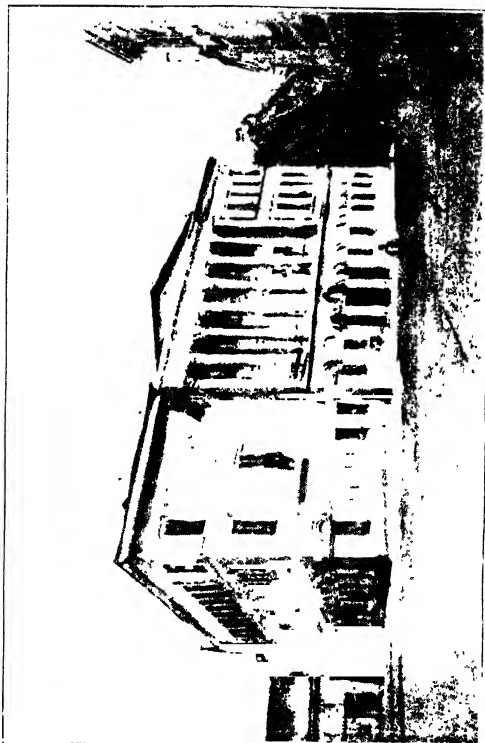
pation in the Crimean War on Russia's side without being really a help to the latter; and it ended by losing the Czar's friendship. Shortly after this the Italian possessions of the Habsburgs were attacked by Victor Emanuel and Napoleon III., the defeat at Solferino causing the loss of Lombardy.

Austria had to admit the inefficiency of Bach's rule, and recalling her Ministers tried to make some concessions to Hungary. Parliament was even convoked, but as the Monarch did not grant the Houses' request to re-establish the status quo of 1848, the Assembly was dissolved and absolute rule made again to weigh on the country.

It was only in 1864, after a conciliatory article by Deák, where the wise statesman, although condemning and rejecting the Austrian traditional policy, appealed to the goodwill of the Monarch, that the latter undertook to make peace with the nation. This was also partly due to the Austrians' defeat by the Prussians at Königgratz, (when among other concessions, Austria had to hand Venice over to Italy), and partly to the Empress Elizabeth, who greatly sympathised with the subjugated Magyars. It was not easy to bring about good fellow-

ship between the two countries, yet the wisdom of Deák and Count Julius Andrassy succeeded in this at last. In 1867 Parliament was convoked, and the second responsible Government organised, with Andrassy as Prime Minister. Henceforth Hungary was to be governed independently by a responsible government, the Prime Minister to be designated by the King, whose sanction was necessary for passing the laws put before Parliament. Hungary only had the Ministries of Finance, War and Foreign Affairs in common with Austria. This state of affairs was to last until the fateful debacle of 1918.

In the year 1867 Francis Joseph I. was crowned King of Hungary together with the Queen, amid great pomp and rejoicing. The country enjoyed peace and prosperity for many years, and a marvellous development took place all along the line. The Magyars at last enjoyed the fruit of their fights and endurance for so many centuries in which they had fought for freedom and respect for their national character and privileges. History has shown that the spirit was not to be quenched by despotic rule and subjugation, nor by the mixing with other races.



Country House

After the departure of the Turks there were altogether two million Magyars left, yet the race increased in a marvellous way without "Magyarising" by force the foreign nationalities living in Hungary (as was assumed by other nations throughout the late war). These fought side by side with the Magyars till the last moment, and only lost their heads in the final chaos. The nationalities always had their own schools and enjoyed the same rights as the Hungarians. In fact the Hungarians were always much too lenient towards them, and in their happy-go-lucky way did not worry much about the consequences, but calmly tolerated Serbian and Roumanian propaganda, the latter backed by Russia and Panslavism.

Unfortunately we are being repaid in quite a different coin by the Succession States, who carry on nationalisation in a ruthless manner and will not rest till they have driven every true Magyar from the territory occupied by them. Time has to show whether they will attain their aim, or whether the national spirit will once more rise against tyranny and eventually gain the last victory.

CHAPTER IX.

HUNGARY OF BYGONE TIMES

Pre-peace Hungary formed a geographical entity that could hardly have been more perfect. It was surrounded on three sides by mountains — the Carpathian system — while rivers formed the Southern frontier. Two big arteries crossed it in the centre: the Danube and the Tisza, with a number of affluents, forming a complete network of waterways for commercial navigation. The railway lines were also laid out so as to meet in the centre at Budapest.

The frontiers of truncated Hungary were arbitrarily fixed, irrespective of topography, population or anything else. It was just a matter of the surrounding nations' laying hands on as much as they could, and did not depend on the majority of the population. Even in Southern Hungary, Yugoslavia of to-day, the Serbians have never been in a majority: they have always been

outnumbered by the Magyars and Germans. As for historical reasons, they are still less valid.

Transylvania was Hungarian for over a thousand years, and what is more, was the centre of Magyar culture and learning. All the old towns, such as Kolozsvár, (with its famous statue of King Mathias); Gyulafehérvár, the residence of the ruling princes, which reached the height of its prosperity and splendour under Gabriel Bethlen; then the picturesque and beautiful Saxon towns of Segesvár, Brassó, Nagyszeben, are all monuments of Hungarian history. The Roumanian population which drifted in from the Balkans by slow degrees from the thirteenth century onward, never attained the same height of civilisation and culture even though they had the same advantages of education as the others. We even see a Bethlen and some of the other ruling princes protecting them in a marked way. They were not excluded even from being members of the National Assemblies; there are whole villages of ennobled Roumanians, yet Transylvania is typically Hungarian so far as atmosphere, culture and civilisation go. Even now with their severe ways of

nationalising, the Roumanians are not able to quench the Magyar spirit. The latter people have learned to endure oppression and to guard their nationality and traditions during bygone centuries; and the way they hold together now and work to that end is really worthy of honour.

Transylvania was not only important for us as a historical centre, but also for the wealth of its natural products. The saltmines of Máramaros supplied the saltmarkets of Europe, and even Brazil, with a considerable annual contribution; the iron and copper mines are also of great importance, as are those of manganese, silver and gold. The natural gas in more than one place is as yet but partially exploited, and means another source of wealth for Roumania. There are famous watering-places and health resorts. The natural beauties of the country as well as its monuments of art would take long to enumerate; suffice it to say that in the way of scenery the Havasok, — snowclad mountain ranges, — are very grand, whilst some of the small old towns are nearly as picturesque as Nuremberg or the other well known places that people rush to see.

The *Jugoslav* part of the country, which

never formed a geographical unity, except as an arbitrarily formed province of Austrian rule after the Moslem's departure, does not offer anything of historical interest. Its importance for Hungary lay in its agrarian products. The most fertile land imaginable, it not only exported thousands of tons of wheat, maize, sugarbeet and hemp, but also and especially flour from the numbers of steam mills dotted all over the countryside. England drew the best quality of flour from those parts.

The population of the Bánát and Bácska, as these parts of Yugoslavia are called, has never been Serb in bygone times, as you will have seen from the preceding historical delineation. Southern Hungary had been very densely populated by Magyars before Turkish times. The Serbs only came in and settled down under Leopold I., before the German colonising attempts began.

Maria Theresa had a number of Swabians from Würtemberg and Alsace-Lorraine transported to these parts of Hungary, and they have kept their national character and customs up to this day almost intact, though always loyal to their adopted country. It is curious to see how they have extended

their properties by dint of hard work, while the Serbians, who formerly were much the richer, have slowly lost ground. And this not through injustice, but only because the one race is so much more capable and thriftier than the other. You would be astonished at the difference there is between a Hungarian or German and a Serbian village even in external appearance. The former is so much cleaner and more prosperous looking, while the latter is a typical piece of the Balkans — small dirty houses, squalid streets, and, what strikes one most — the number of men loitering about even on week days when work is pressing. They just gather in groups, talk politics, smoke their pipes or squat on the ground playing cards. And yet these people I am talking about are quite civilised and on a high level of culture compared with the "Dobrovojac", their brethren from Serbia, who appear now in large numbers, have land distributed to them (taken away from the former landowners) and build villages which are a pitiful sight, mere groups of hovels, which often tumble in while being built.

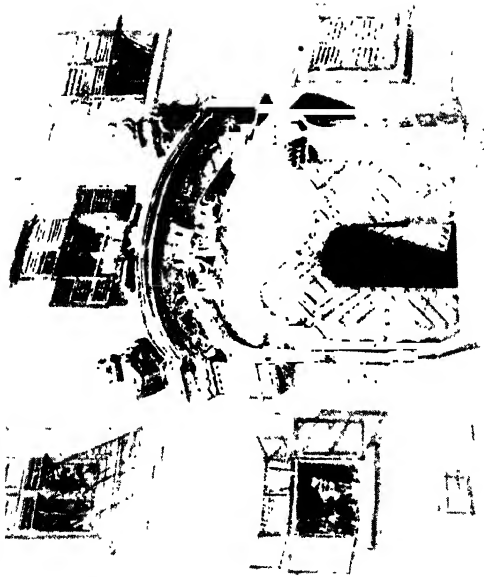
Those who have not been in the Bánát before the Serbian rule began, cannot

imagine the difference there is between the pre-war and the present Bánát. The whole countryside has a different aspect, with all the trees gone and all traces of civilisation swept away. Former owners of over 30,000 *joch* of land fight against desperate odds to keep the maximum of 500. All the well-kept farms have to be broken up, as there is nothing to keep them up with. The Serbian colonists use the buildings, or knock them down and carry the bricks away; roofs are torn off, all the windows and doors stolen, so that in a few months or weeks, such a place is reduced to a pile of ruins, covered with dirt and filth. And the stealing and burning and cutting down of trees has been going on ever since 1918 with no hope of order's being restored.

The first and most important aim of this Succession State is to drive the Magyars out of the country by worrying them and making their existence impossible. Big properties were more or less the centres of Magyarism, for the farmhands were always Hungarians, so that now, by distributing the land (to Serbians only) they have dispersed these groups of Magyar influence. This policy is always good from one point

of view, but in the course of time it will cause the ruin of the country, for Serbia, having neither commerce nor industry of any consequence, is essentially an agricultural country, and as such ought to try and increase its agricultural products, instead of reducing them to a minimum. The newly settled people have not the remotest idea of farming. Whereas formerly the big estates exported thousands of tons of wheat, now the same territory hardly yields the quantity required by the population, and whole districts of fertile land are under water again, because the new "landowners" do not continue the system of canalisation. It is distressing to see that such a rich country produces barely more than what is needed. It is the utter idiocy of the whole system which exasperates one. I can understand plunder and theft as long as somebody profits by it; but if it is no good to anybody, why, for heaven's sake, keep it up? (One would think that there was something wrong with those people's brains.)

Looked at from the Hungarian side we ought to be very glad to see this display of incompetence and retrogression; it is only from the international and chiefly from the



Old porch in the Veres Pálné utca

economic points of view; that one is sorry at seeing ruin and deterioration everywhere. For those who have to live in these parts and struggle with daily worries and constantly accumulating measures of misrule, this manifestation of destruction is nerve-shattering.

As for Upper Hungary, Slovakia, it never was Bohemian either. Part of the people are Slovaks, belonging to the Slay race, and were called into the land by the Árpád House as was mentioned above. They never for a moment consider themselves Czechs and do not much relish the present rule. These people are much more cultured than the other nationalities; some of our most learned men come from their ranks.

That part of Hungary is perhaps the most picturesque as regards scenery. It is covered with the ramifications of the Carpathians which border it in a semicircle, forming the watershed between the Danube and the Vistula. The mountain ranges extending from east to west are crossed from north to south by the deeply cut, beautiful Vág valley, which is surmounted in many places by ancient castles and ruins of very picturesque aspect.

Here, as in Transylvania, numerous mines of all kinds were the chief riches of the country: iron, copper and the gold mines of Selmezbánya with its mint dating back to the first centuries of Hungarian rule. The opals of Vörösvágás are also famous. Industry was highly developed and agriculture too in the lower country extending to the Danube; it is now also in Czech hands.

All the old towns of the Northern districts have historical backgrounds. The small Saxon towns between the Tatra ranges are very fine and really worth seeing. The whole of this part of the country was the scene of the Kurucz wars and other national insurrections headed by the Transylvanian princes. Kassa with its beautiful old Gothic cathedral was the most important of these towns. It was purely Hungarian, just like Pozsony. (Pressburg, Bratislava.) The latter was the town where most of our Kings were crowned, and it is here that one feels most the injustice of the present situation. Pozsony had a curious charm of its own, with its homely castle on the hill overlooking the Danube (it burnt down under Maria Theresa) its ghetto with tiny dirty streets,

then the Gothic Cathedral dome, and strange, six-sided Clarissa-tower, the townhall, very old and interesting, the Jesuits' church and a number of small palaces belonging to our oldest families and built mostly by the suites of the Kings when they stayed in town. Most of them have delightfully wrought iron railings and open corridors running round the courtyards, carved stone porches, balconies, high crooked roofs. A quiet little town full of traditions, some parts of it seeming to be centuries behind the times. Small gardens, blooming lilac-bushes with whistling blackbirds in them. The other bank of the Danube is covered with huge, beautiful old trees, — centuries old. There the quiet burghers walk about on Sundays, have a glass or two of beer and come back by boat in the evening, having enjoyed their day; to most people it would seem a very tame way of spending it.

But this was Pozsony up to 1918; now the town is noisy, overflowed with Czechs; huge motor cars tear along the streets, till the very houses, — poor old things, — rock and tremble. Great numbers of soldiers loiter everywhere. Even impartially regarded they are not a very sympathetic people, for

us doubly so because of their cowardly behaviour at the fronts during the war.

And that was a pretty piece of work of theirs, the time they destroyed the equestrian statue of Maria Theresa on the bank of the Danube. They just put big ropes round it, pulling with motor cars till the whole white marble work of art came crashing down, an unrecognisable heap. Part of the remains were thrown into the river whilst the rest is still lying about the place. Oh it was a nice bit of work; fortunately there were foreigners there to witness it.

In the Western parts of Hungary now occupied by Austria industry was very much developed, but will probably decline now, as Austria has enough of its own, and the Hungarian market which till now absorbed their products is shut to them.

The population is mixed, there being Hungarian, German and even Croatian elements. In the way of scenery it is very pretty, with numbers of old castles and chateaus. They mostly belong to the Prince Esterházy's family. There is Kismarton, a Renaissance palace with quantities of old furniture, china, — heaps of it — a collection of musical instruments and manuscripts

of the great musician Haydn. The family vault is also here; and there is a beautiful park with four big lakes, and a Greek temple containing Canova's lovely statue of the Princess Leopoldine, a perfect dream of classic sculpture. Further, on top of a hill commanding a gorgeous view, stands the castle of Fraknó, very big and perfectly kept, just as in former times. All the armouries full of weapons, the old cannon dating from Turkish sieges, a captured tent and horsetail banner of the Grand Vizier are well preserved. The successive porches and courtyards offer wonderful pieces of sculpture, and there are tiny gardens on the ramparts. A very deep well, with a curious echo, is said to have been dug by Turkish prisoners; it is over 900 feet deep and reaches to the foot of the hill. In a secret room were kept the treasures which are now in the Museum of Industrial Art at Budapest. From the tower — if you are not blown off — you get the most perfect view over the plain as far as the Bakony Woods, while, from the other side, the whole range of the Semmering mountains faces you, old Schneeberg and Rax snowclad and grim against the glowing sunset.

And there are Német-Keresztur, Lakompak, Kabold, Léka and the rest of those castles testifying to past splendours and heroic times.

But it seems to me I am talking about everything but the Hungary of to-day. The fact is: we can hardly realise that all these places no longer form part of our country. All our traditions are attached to them; they are part and parcel of our existence.

CHAPTER X.

RESOURCES OF THE COUNTRY

If you come by train from Vienna you cross the Hungarian frontier a trifle farther on than you would have done a few years ago, as a large strip of land (1950 square miles) has been conferred on Austria, by the Big Powers in the treaty of Trianon.

The first place the train stops at, is the double town of Moson-Magyaróvár. Near the station you will notice the Kühne factory for agricultural machinery. (500—600 workmen; yearly production about £ 80,000.) In an agricultural land like ours, the fabrication of agricultural machinery is of course very much developed; it not only supplies the country's requirements, but also exports to the Balkans and to the East to the value of about £ 60,000.

At Magyaróvár, a little farther from the station, is our oldest agricultural high school (founded 1818) with a three years' course.

A former powder mill at the same place has now been transformed and made to produce artificial silk and artificial manure (superphosphates etc.).

After this you begin to cross the Small Hungarian Lowlands, half of which — north of the Danube — have fallen to Czechoslovakia, though populated almost exclusively by Magyars. This Lowland is more fertile than the Big Hungarian Plain, the climate being less excessive. Because of this fact and its propitious situation between Budapest and Vienna, as well as the higher standard of its population, this part has, from all times, been the best cultivated region of Hungary. It has produced great quantities of sugarbeet for a very long time past, and boasts of quite a number of sugar factories.

The next place you stop at is Győr, the largest town before Budapest. Counting something more than 50,000 inhabitants, it is one of the biggest industrial centres of the country. Of the factories, let us mention those for vegetable-oil, railway-carriages, spirits, textiles, sugar, sausages, brushes, matches, bricks. Formerly it had a big cattle market, being situated on the road to Vienna,



Old houses in Tabán

Hungary, producing about one fourth of the entire Hungarian coal production; a little less than 20,000 tons.

The total coal production before the war was about 100,000 tons; in 1924 it was 7000. We retained most of our coalmines, but unfortunately just those of inferior quality. Salgótarján on the Northern boundary of Hungary is the next biggest coalmine, whilst the best coal is got near the university town of Pécs in the South close to the Danube, which was for a long time in Servian possession after the war. Notwithstanding these mines we still have to import from Germany coals of better quality.

After Tata the country is more hilly; to your left, on the low mountain range are the well-known Budafok vineyards. Our best known vine region is of course Tokaj in the northernmost corner of present Hungary, with its sweet, heavy wine of world renown. The vineyards on volcanic soil around the Balaton lake also produce splendid wine. Though we have lost the vine districts of Transylvania, yet wine is one of the few products, which — as regards territory and production — have remained more or less in our hands. Unfortunately

the industry is now undergoing a crisis, as a much smaller quantity of the annual produce is consumed in the country, while exportation is rendered difficult by foreign competition. Austria has had to open its doors to a free entrance of Italian wine (that article is cheap); and it is possible that the Lowland wine production, which was begun only a quarter of a century ago on that sandy soil when the mountain vineyards were devastated by the phylloxera, will fall back.

Nearing Budapest you will notice among the vineyards some of our champagne-cellar. Those of Törley, Count Esterházy and Littke are well known. Of course they cannot compete with the French article, but the first two can still be recommended as of the first class.

A few miles from Budapest you will pass the pig-fattening establishment of Tétény. Pig breeding and fattening was always a big industry of Hungary. Great difficulties in this regard arose after the war, for we retained nearly all our pig-breeding regions, whilst most of the Lowlands with their great production of maize were lost to us.

Before crossing the Danube bridge it will

perhaps interest you to hear that you have been travelling all the time on the so-called "Butchers-Road" on which the cattle were exported to Vienna in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

Before nearing the station you make nearly the whole circuit of the town. To your right are some of the biggest industrial quarters. Budapest, in the north-west corner of the Great-Lowlands — this important area of production — is by its geographical situation the natural centre of Hungary. Situated as it is on the crossing point between the two Lowlands and the north and west mountain districts with their different climates and productions, it has its doors open on the Danube to both regions, but especially to western civilisation. With these advantages, the capital has grown immoderately during the last fifty years. (It contained one-twentieth of the pre-war population of Hungary.) The peace conditions enforced on us only aggravated this correlation and made it an unhealthy one. The capital now contains one-sixth of our reduced population. Even the twenty years of Austrian centralistic policy following our war for freedom in 1848—1849 could not reduce Budapest, and two-thirds

of the roads leading to Vienna centre here. There is an impression in the country that the Hungarian Governments have too much centralised administration, commerce and even industry in the capital, and neglected the development of other towns.

You will find especially numerous and big establishments for the fabrication of agricultural machinery, and others for food, iron, metal-work, textiles and cloth; there are also brick-works, breweries, electrical, chemical, paper, leather, stone, glass and ceramic plants. The Hungarian machine industry is of great renown. The largest works are those of the State Railways, which turn out every kind of machinery. It is here that the Succession States, especially Yugoslavia, have all their engines repaired, after confiscating most of our railway material, which soon got into a disastrous state in their hands. Only 18% of our rolling-stock was left us after the Commune. The Hungarian electric industry and the manufacture of electric machinery, street-cars, etc., are also of great renown.

The Ganz works situated on the right bank in the northern part of the town are known all the world over. Many a railway

car you travel by in Egypt was turned out by this plant.

Dreher beer is (I am informed) also world famous; some people even prefer it to Munich beer. You can drink it all over Europe. In consequence of the commercial boycott of Hungary by its neighbours the brewery lost most of its market, and part of it has been transformed for the fabrication of chocolate and liqueurs in connection with the Dutch Fockink Co. The last years have seen very great progress in the chocolate manufacture of the country.

If by chance you happen to visit a factory or two during your stay at Budapest, you may notice a fairly high standard of social help for workmen. The factories of the late Mr. Manfred Weiss on Csepel Island are the best in this respect. A nursery is especially praiseworthy. The factory was our biggest ammunition works during the war. Since that time it has been transformed for different purposes. Amongst other articles, it is made to produce agricultural machines, household articles of all kinds and also preserved meat and tinned fruits.

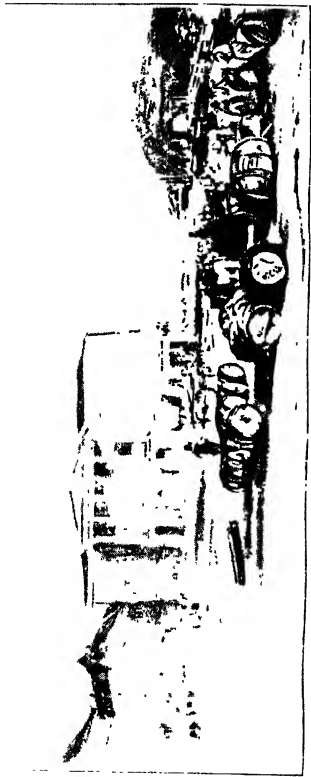
The ship-building industry is of course very much developed in the town, situated

as it is on the banks of one of the greatest water-ways of Europe. Boats of over 600 tons can ascend to its docks. The biggest works of the kind are the Danubius factories of Óbuda. On Csepel Island there is an oil harbour which was the only big industrial enterprise having to support French political supremacy in Central Europe.

Last but not least let us mention the flour mills of Budapest. Our capital was, after Minneapolis (Min., U.S.A.), the biggest flour-milling town of the world. The average wheat and flour exportation before the war was 750 tons; that of the other flours was valued at £10,000,000. About 60% of the Hungarian mills were concentrated at Budapest. Wheat, rye and maize came mostly from the Lowlands, especially from the Bánát and from Bácska, districts which, with a big majority of Magyar and German population, have been handed over to Yugoslavia. Even from a commercial and industrial point of view it is worth while to visit the country, but chiefly for its agricultural importance and development, which foreigners ought to take note of if they want to get a fair idea of Hungary. Notwithstanding the great changes brought about by the

war and the peace, this country is chiefly an agricultural one. Hungarian wheat, as I mentioned before, was the staple food of Europe in the nineteenth century. The development of American wheat export has raised up a dangerous competitor, though Hungarian wheat is still appreciated for its quality. The Lowlands produce, besides wheat and rye in the South, maize in the East and potatoes in the North-East. Notwithstanding the best part of the Lowlands' having been annexed — the border lands with more favourable climatic conditions — yet what remains still offers numerous possibilities. Very much work is still needed for improvement, for the Lowlands were rather neglected by former governments in favour of the Highlands, for they could only count on the votes of the latter, the Magyar people of the plain being generally in the opposition and very much against Austria.

Of late years one can notice a steady increase in the reclamation of the barren and sandy soils around Kecskemét, which have been slowly turned into fruit-producing areas with great exportation and fruit-canning establishments. The road question is a rather difficult problem to solve in this



A Bit of bygone Budapest

part of the country, for the farms are dotted quite irregularly all over the country-side, an outcome of Turkish rule, under which the peasants had to take refuge in big settlements. These form the present towns of the Lowlands, — peasant (farmer) towns, commercial centres pulsating with life. The greater part of the plain was formerly prairie for breeding cattle, but with the growth of population wheat steadily pushed out cattle and horse-breeding, till the beautiful, longhorned, white oxen known as Hungarian or Podolian cattle had to be brought, when required, from Transylvania. These cattle are very strong and hardy, but give little milk, so that for dairy purposes more and more cattle of Swiss origin were bred. First-rate Hungarian cattle of this breed can be seen in Western Hungary, in the hilly districts of Transdanubia, which is more developed in the agricultural way than the East, because of the more favourable climatic conditions' permitting a greater variety of crops. Since the war a first class cheese industry has developed here, competing with the best French and Swiss cheeses formerly imported.

Hungarian horse breeding was always

of very great renown. The number of horses sadly diminished during the war, while the Roumanians shamefully depleted the famous stud of Mezöhegyes during their stay there. But even so this remains an institution unique of its kind. You find people from all over the world coming to visit it. The horses are not thoroughbred, but of the type used for farming, of the stock of Nonius and Gidran, of English origin. The estate consists of 40,000 catastral joch, is very well kept and is also a big seed testing station. Kisbér and Bábolna are also stud-properties belonging to the State, rearing chiefly thoroughbreds and Arabs. Most of the big landowners, like Prince Festetich, Count Wenckheim, etc. have their private studs and go in for racing. Unfortunately studs are very expensive to keep up. The new big Budapest race-course has just been opened to the public; it will accomodate 20,000 people. At present it is rather bare, for all the trees in the neighbourhood were cut down during the Commune. The steeplechase courses are at Alag and Megyer, north of the capital; both of them placed amid very pretty scenery.

Big, heavy draught horses, generally of

the Belgian breed, are mostly reared in Somogy. They are very showy, but few of the farmers care for them, as they require much more fodder and are not so hardy as other horses. The Hungarian breed of Muraköz is not quite so large, but answers the purpose better here.

It may be of interest to mention that in pre-war times even rice and cotton growing was tried in South Hungary — now Yugoslavia — of course with very moderate results.

If you chance to go to the country, you should not forget to study the farmer-cooperative movement (credit and selling). It is widely developed and of a high standard. Much is done now to further the mental development of the farmer, a hopeful work, as the Hungarian peasant is of a very high standard: a great and deep thinker.

The peasant women are trained in all kinds of lucrative work. Needlework was at all times exported in large quantities, especially to America. The Mezőkövesd women are noted for their pretty patterns. Their costumes are a marvel of dashing colours and fringes and ruffles. Most of the villages have weaving establishments, set

up by the State or by private persons. Some of the linen and cotton fabrics are very good. Let us hope that this branch of industry will be continued and developed. Hungarian leather goods have always been very famous. Unfortunately the pottery, which was rather in vogue at one time, is getting rarer. The china of Herend is of great merit. Pécs boasts a big majolica pottery.

Pre-war Hungary was very rich in natural resources. Apart from agricultural products, which represented its chief assets, there were numbers of mines of all kinds, which unfortunately have mostly fallen into the hands of the Succession States. Transylvania had not only big salt mines, but also a number of great iron, copper, manganese, gold, silver, marble and coal mines. Upper-Hungary also had gold, silver, copper, the famous opals at Vörösvágás and various other mineral ores and stones. All these products have to be imported now since the conclusion of the Peace of Trianon, at very high cost.

CHAPTER XI.

THE ALFÖLD

The typical Hungarian plain extends between Danube and Theiss, and to the east of this latter, a perfectly flat piece of country. Very fertile land; even the sandy regions to the south of Budapest and the Nyírség on the upper course of the Theiss. The Hortobágy plain, with its meadows of short turf overlying a soil white with soda, is perhaps the least fertile part of it.

Though monotonous and flat as regards scenery, it yet has charms of its own. Of course it cannot vie for beauty and picturesqueness with the hilly country.

The things I miss most on the Alföld are the touches of time and tradition. Excepting the curious red-brick ruins of the fortress of Gyula, and the beautiful Maria-Theresa chateau at the same place, one can hardly come across an old house or bit of time-

worn wall, This is mostly due to the ravages of the Turks during their 200 years' stay, but also to the fact that nothing was ever built in stone here, as stone is not available anywhere — it simply does not exist for a hundred miles around. All the fortresses were but mounds of earth with palisades, here and there strengthened with bricks; they soon disappeared when neglected and left to themselves.

Before the Turkish occupation, and even under the Árpád House, there were many abbeys and clerical centres, for it was principally the monks who not only propagated learning and science, but also occupied themselves with the tilling of the soil, draining vast areas of swamps, planting vineyards and altogether making agriculture flourish. Unfortunately in the later centuries all this work was destroyed and the country reduced to its primitive state; and it was only in the last century that the system of drainage was taken up again.

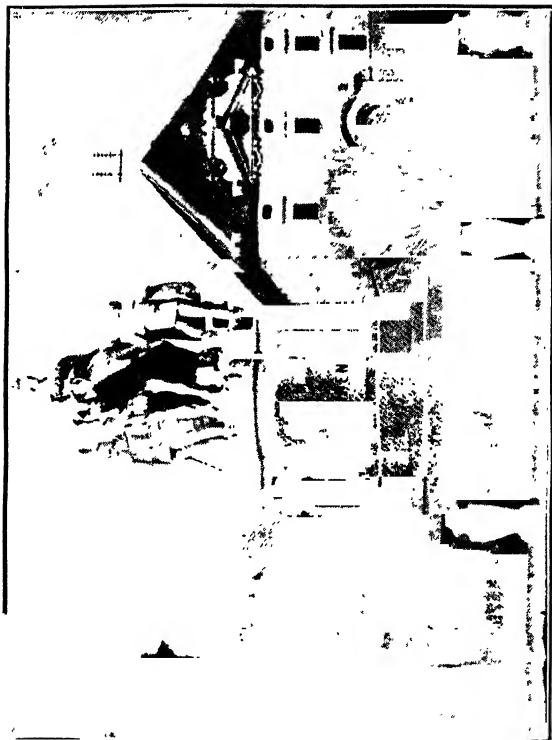
The charm of the Alföld lies in the vast stretches of field and pasture land extending to the horizon without a break, sometimes hardly a tree, or just a sun-baked farm or two dotted here and there. Occasionally

you come across a sheet of water, principally where the ground contains much soda, hardly to be called a lake, where storks march about very stately, with an innocent air about them, as if they were not making havoc among the frogs and other aquatic beasts. Very often the sheet of water is not there at all and is merely an effect of mirage. The true Fata Morgana, showing trees and houses and whole landscapes, is supposed to exist on the Hortobágy, but I for my part have never seen it. Phantom water I have very often come across; sometimes daily, especially in March and April when the soil is still damp and the sun shines hot on it. Sometimes it is so deceptive that strangers who do not know the country would swear it was real water. I have seen miles and miles of it occasionally quite near, and everything that is in the way, such as trees, cattle, houses, people all seemed to be standing in the water, and were reflected in it quite clearly.

Unfortunately the plain is rapidly losing its traditional appearance, for the land is becoming more and more cultivated. Trees are planted in larger numbers — acacias — to attract rain, and altogether it is getting

far less wild. Only the Hortobágy, near Debrecen, is still comparatively in its old state. It is exclusively pasture land with great herds of cattle and horses roaming about from one place to another all summer; the few people who attend them are real sons of the "puszta," nomads as their ancestors of centuries ago were. Theirs is a contemplative life; they seem to have solved Nature's mysteries, bridged the gulf between man and beast, and know especially much about the stars.

At night they squat around the fires in their big embroidered "suba" (sheepskin coats), smoking their pipes in silence, hardly uttering a remark for hours at a stretch, and even if sometimes one of the older shepherds relates a reminiscence of long ago, it is in a disjointed laconic style, with long pauses in between the half-uttered sentences. The firelight flickers up and down, throwing quaint shadows on the tanned, furrowed faces of the listeners. Small curls of smoke ascend from the glowing pipes; every now and again a big sheep-dog lifts its head and utters a bark, while the breeze rustles among the rushes of the fold. Shooting stars describe long trails of



light on the velvety sky and disappear into darkness again.

During day-time some of the herdsmen are active enough, especially the "csikósok", those who tend the horses and race along the plain, their wide shirtsleeves and trousers fluttering white in the wind, while their long whips or lassoes describe circles over their heads. The whole soil throbs with the thud of flying horses' hoofs. It is a wild life, and fiery blood runs in the Csikós's veins, which often gives rise to fights in the village inns and flaring quarrels because of some fair "menyecske" (young married woman) or village lass.

The Hortobágy in January and February, when fog is thickest, offers wonderful sport in the way of wild goose shooting. There are thousands of these birds flying in V shape and uttering their monotonous ery. Not easy shooting by any means.

The whole Alföld is very rich in game, principally small game: pheasants, hares, thousands of them, and partridges, also deer in large quantities; red deer only in the southern parts which now belong to Yugoslavia.

The towns and villages of the Alföld are

quite different from what one is generally used to. Very broad streets, straight as an arrow, bordered by sickly-looking acacia trees embalming the air in May with their heavy, sweet scent. Village houses are always very clean, neatly whitewashed with a coloured stripe at their base, red geraniums in the windows, mostly thatched roofs, excepting the recently built houses, which now have to be tiled because of the danger of fire — a frequent occurrence in dry summers and autumns. Most of the houses, especially around Cegléd, are one blaze of red in autumn from the red pepper that is hung up to dry and forms a sort of bright curtain all along the walls. A very pretty and lively picture. Golden-yellow maize also gives a touch of vivid colour.

The towns are nothing more than villages on a larger scale, with some of the houses grown a story. The town-hall and buildings of importance are, of course, of a different style and pretend to some luxury and ornament.

Cegléd, Kecskemét (noted for their good fruit preserves), Szolnok, Gyula and the rest of those towns offer nothing interesting in the way of scenery or buildings; they are

just the typical overgrown villages, very prosperous, marketing centres with good schools, shops and lively thoroughfares where farmers from the surrounding farms, (in Hungarian called "tanya") meet and transact their business affairs.

The largest town of the Alföld is Szeged, on the bank of the broad and sometimes dangerous Tisza; older than most of the other towns, with some quite fine buildings around the townhall. One or two churches are also ancient. Kass's is a very good hotel. Szeged was a very important trading centre at the confluence of Tisza and Maros, through which the great salt transports and other Transylvanian products passed on their way westward.

Kalocsa in the south on the Danube with its Archbishopric was once upon a time the property of the Árpád House. Of course the Cathedral, of St. Stephen's time has long ago been destroyed by the Turks, but was restored again in Italian Renaissance style. It is a two-towered rather imposing church. The twelve canons' stalls show intarsia work of very great merit, the stucco work of the vestry is unquestionably good too. The high altar is of Carrara marble

and has instead of the usual altar piece an iconostasis, as in the Russian churches. A collection of ancient chalices, missals, reliquiaries and robes is worth looking at.

The Cardinal's palace in Maria Theresa Rococo stands on the site of the old wall of serpentine stone, which is still visible in the cellars. The frescoes of the big reception room are by Maulpertsch. A very fine picture of the seventeenth century, an Annunciation after a drawing by Michael Angelo, was a gift of Maria Theresa and hangs in the chapel, where there is also a very fine silver bust of St. Stephen. Interesting also is the library with medallions by Maulpertsch.

Another big town in the north is Debrecen near the famous Hortobágy plain. It is nicknamed the Calvinist Rome, being the centre of Protestantism in Hungary. A very prosperous town with a University Medical Faculty, but not at all interesting to the sight-seer.

CHAPTER XII.

UPPER HUNGARY

The present northern part of Hungary is the so-called Hegyalja, whence the famous Tokay wine comes. Volcanic hills form the ground where the vineyards are planted, and some of them have retained their cone shape, like the Sátorhegy (tent-hill) near Sátoraljaujhely. The most important part of the district and by far the most interesting is Sáropatak with the famous Rákóczy castle, now belonging to Prince Windischgraetz. The town was during four centuries a centre of culture and learning. The Rákóczy and Perényi families endowed the college erected in 1531 with extensive domains. At present there are also faculties for Divinity and Jurisprudence. It has a fine library numbering 75,000 volumes, with choice manuscripts, and unique examples of the earliest printed books. George Rákóczy I.'s library is also in the college. The Catholic church, a fine piece of late Gothic, was

built in the Middle Ages. Many of the Transylvanian rulers are buried in its crypt.

The castle was built under King Endre II., in 1220, and was the residence of the Queens until 1370. St. Elizabeth is supposed to have been born there. Louis the Great gave the castle and the surrounding vast properties to his wife Elizabeth. After Sigismund of Luxemburg it fell to the Perényis and then to the Pálóczy family till the great defeat at Mohács (1526). Thenceforth the castle was the stronghold from which the Transylvanian rulers started on their wars. Defences were erected, the walls strengthened, so that the place was able to defy any foe. The central fort of King Endre's time is, after 700 years, still intact, only a small tower was destroyed by order of the Emperor Leopold. The Perényi family built the beautiful late Renaissance building beside the stronghold, which forms the southern and eastern part of the present castle. It is very beautiful, especially the winding staircase which leads to the courtyard and the open gallery.

Bocskay, the powerful Transylvanian prince, takes the place in 1605; then the Lorántffy family possesses it for a time till,

through George Rákóczy's wife, Zsuzsanna Lorántffy, it falls to the Rákóczys, who keep it till the fateful peace of Szatmár in 1711. The Wesselényi conspiracy was hatched in the "Sub rosa" room, so-called because this was the watchword by which the members of the conspiracy signed their letters. Francis Rákóczy II. passed part of his youth there, and also some time as a ruler. Here it was he convoked the National Assemblies, and here also his traitorous yet sympathetic "Kuruc" general, Imre Bezerédy, was executed.

After the sad fiasco of Rákóczy's reign, the castle and property fell to the Treasury and were later granted to Prince Trantson. In 1806 the place was bought by Charles Theodore, Elector of Bavaria, for his natural son, Prince August Bretzenheim. The latter's widow left it after her death in 1876 to Prince Louis Windischgraetz, general of cavalry, father of the present owner, who has had the place carefully restored.

The castle is full of souvenirs accumulated through seven hundred years. There are over 130 interesting MSS. from the time of the Anjou House down to 1848; the original portraits of Francis Rákóczy I. and

ll., the family papers of the Bretzenheim princes, and a costly collection of old china from the Régecz factory in the vicinity, which worked for over a century. The carved stone framework of windows and portals, as well as the wonderful chimney pieces of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, are of Italian workmanship.

As it is now, the castle is very beautiful and well kept: pity it is built on flat land and not on some prominent site, but, looked at from the Bodrog river, one gets a very fine view of the whole mass of buildings, the old fort overtopping the rest, stern, grim, defying Time; the newer part of the building where the family lives is more friendly, partially covered with climbers, with pretty Renaissance stone details.

The strip of land north of Sárospatak, not yet Czech, is nice hilly and woodland country; clear, bracing air, green meadows, coverts, rushing, singing streamlets, the old ruins of a Rákóczy castle or two, cottages with flowering apple and pear trees, and when you least expect it, without warning right or reason, the Czech frontier.

In the south-western direction some more hilly, picturesque land: the county of Borsód



Fraknó Castle

with Miskolc its capital; close to that Diósgyőr with its large and celebrated works where all sorts of agricultural and other machinery are turned out. Then the Bükk Mountain range with its old castle bearing the same name, Lower down is the county of Heves, and Eger town where famous red wine is produced. It is a pretty town with some nice baroque buildings, a cathedral, Archbishop's palace and two very finely wrought iron gates at the town hall, if I remember rightly, but maybe they are somewhere else. Eger played an important part during the Turkish wars.

The Mátra range lies westward and in its folds nestles the well-known watering place, Paráds. People who have been there extol the beauty of the place and countryside. The castle belongs to the Counts Károlyi and was last in the hands of the traitor Michael Károlyi who brought most of the present misfortunes on the country, not to mention the red months of Bolshevik rule. And yet he runs loose over Europe and America, still working against his country, and even finds people to admire him. His beautiful wife (daughter of Count Andrassy) is no better than he is — or

perhaps is still more to blame, as it was she who always fanned his ambition and instigated him to play a prominent part regardless of means or aim. Perhaps, if left alone, he would have contented himself with being lionised in drawingrooms or in the hunting field, as his laziness is as great as his thirst for glory. These two extremes were always fighting for the upperhand in him. History does not record many examples of such a vile character, for he is not even of the stuff that villains are made of: just an unscrupulous, ambitious, witty, clever, widely read, yet morally insane, physically unhealthy modern product, and a coward at bottom.

As a watering place Parád is very well known and important. The road leading from Pest over the Mátra hills is very beautiful. In one place there is a curious natural phenomenon to be noticed: all motors slow down considerably at one part of the road; this is attributed to magnetic influence. There is probably a quantity of magnetic iron ore in the earth about there.

CHAPTER, XIII.

TRANSDANUBIA

This is the part of Hungary west of Budapest, bordered by the Danube on the north and east, and by the Dráva on the south, while the hilly country of "Burgenland," now in Austrian hands, forms the Western frontier. Some parts of it are very picturesque and beautiful, especially the great Balaton lake in the centre, the county of Somogy south of that with its old poplar alleys and woods, and the Bakony range northward.

To reach the Balaton you take the Déli-vasut railway which brings you there in less than two hours and a half (by express); of course you can go by motor car too, but the road is not very picturesque, and it is not worth the fatigue, unless you intend to make excursions round the lake, when a car would come in very handy.

The only town of importance on the way is Székesfehérvár, of very early origin, but it is not worth stopping at, for most edifices

of interest have been destroyed. I will give a few details nevertheless, for persons who may by chance — while waiting for a train, or having a motor defect repaired, or the like — have to stop there for a few hours.

Székesfehérvár, was surrounded by swampy land in olden times (the Sárret marsh still exists) and has been a stronghold ever since St. Stephen. Before that time it was a Celtic and Roman settlement. The Roman name has not come down to us, but it must have been a place of some importance on the highway between Aquincum and Sabaria. Some inscriptions and a few relief carvings, the only relics of that time, have been transported to the National Museum, or are in the garden of the episcopal palace. An inscription in honour of Septimus Severus and his sons shows the usual erasure of Geta's name, after the bloody Caracalla had ascended the throne. The father divided the empire between his two sons, but the elder, the ambitious Caracalla, wanted to rule alone and poignarded Geta even before the eyes of their mother. Thereupon the order was issued that all traces of his brother's existence should be obliterated all over the Empire.

And even as on the triumphal arch of Septimus Severus in the Forum, so also on this carved stone (that was found inserted in the "Gate of Buda" at Fehérvár) we find the sinister effacement of the victim's name. There is also a curious relief carving, an expiatory offering of a "Sevir Augustalis" for the soul of his wife who had fallen a prey to the medical clumsiness of the time. "Seviri Augustales" was the title of the priests of barbaric religions accepted by Rome; for the great policy of the Empire was to unite the different nations not only under her military sway, but also under one religious power. There was no hope of converting the different tribes to the gods of Rome, neither were the alien gods taken into the ample fold of the Pantheon, but they were acknowledged as Lares or household gods, or protectors of places or districts, and as such had special priests to worship them — the Seviri Augustales.

The town really became important under the reign of St. Stephen, who transferred his seat from Esztergom to this place, whilst the former capital remained the ecclesiastical centre of the country. A very fine church was erected by the king in honour

of Our Lady. Unfortunately — excepting for a few stones — nothing of this building has come down to us, and we can only reconstruct it from the writings of Bonfini and one or two other historians. Originally it was in Basilica form, of exceptionally wide proportions, with two rows of columns dividing the three aisles. Some of the columns still exist, but are used for other purposes. There also seems to have been a quantity of marble and mosaic, and sheetings of gold on some parts of the walls. The successive kings all embellished or rebuilt parts of the church in the respective style of their times. Louis the Great built a Mausoleum for his family on one of the sides, and King Mathias did the same. All the kings were buried there, and the relics of St. Stephen and St. Ladislaus kept in silver reliquaries. Under the Árpáds the holy Crown and Royal Insignia were also here; it was only under the Anjou House that Fehérvár lost some of its importance, as Visegrád became the Royal residence. We have absolutely no clue as to what the palace of St. Stephen was like; it must have been destroyed, as well as the Cathedral, during the Turkish sieges. The two side chapels existed until

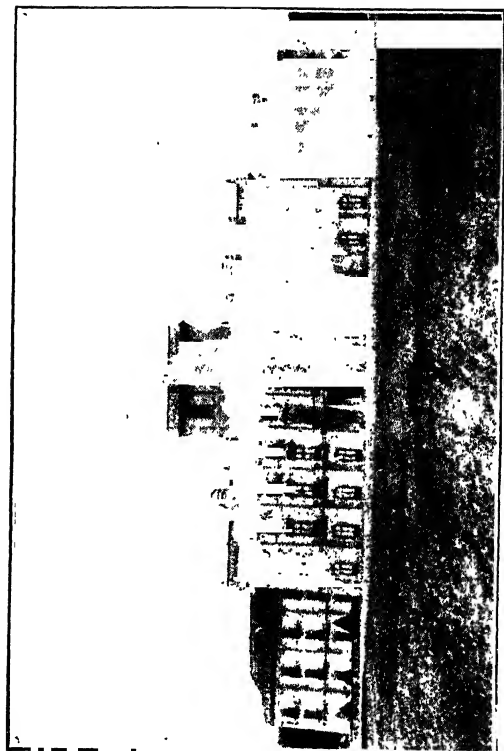
the beginning of the last century, but they were also eventually knocked down as well as the two remaining gates of the town. Absolute ignorance and inappreciation of everything historical seems to characterise the beginning of the last century; and it is dreadful to think what quantities of works of art met their end at that time.

Of ancient Fehérvár only some parts of the old battlements exist, forming the wall of the episcopal garden, and further the small Gothic chapel of St. Anne, built under King Mátyás, which was the only church that remained intact during the long Turkish occupation. Of the original monasteries of the Franciscans, Carmelites, Dominicans, and Cistercians nothing remains. The orders now to be found there settled after the departure of the Turks. Under the Árpád rule, the knights of St. John were very powerful, with large properties in these parts and much influence. They were of great help to Béla IV. during the invasion of the Tartars, against whom they fought very bravely. All trace of them is lost during Turkish times.

The present principal church, the Székesegyház or Cathedral, was built on the site

and ruins of the old St. James's church, in baroque style, under Queen Maria Theresa and with her aid (1768). Most of the frescoes represent scenes of St. Stephen's life, while the altarpiece by Fisher, court painter to the Queen, commemorates the offering of the Holy Crown by the Saint to Our Lady. It is a famous picture often reproduced. The red marble screen dividing the sanctuary from the rest of the church is from the Mátyás chapel of the old Basilica. St. Stephen's skull, which was kept in a side chapel, is now in the vestry.

The Seminary Church, formerly belonging to the Carmelites has very good frescoes by the famous Maulpertsch. He seems to have been a very productive painter, for we come across his works in every palace built at that time. The baroque church of the Cistercians is not bad either, with interesting old carved oaken cupboards in the vestry. The townhall is a very nice Rococo building with a pretty balcony and two statues on each side. The County Hall built in 1814, a very spacious Empire building, the Episcopal palace, large with a high baroque roof, also of the end of the seventeenth century. Besides these there are a few pretty



Eszterháza

houses, small, mostly baroque, with high roofs, looking down into narrow streets. The chemist's shop boasts very nice Alt-Wien porcelain pots.

There are some very fine old country houses around Fehérvár. For instance Lovasberény, belonging to Count Cziráky, pure Empire, very big, with a wonderful old park and beautiful flowers. Then Láng, property of Count John Zichy, also Empire, with Louis XVI. touches, quite a vast building, the village-school and church forming part of it; a wonderful Italian stone staircase leads up to the first floor on both sides of the entrance; it is unique of its kind. Csurgó belongs to Count Joseph Károlyi, very big, imposing and beautifully furnished. So are Polgárdy and Bicske, the Counts Batthyány's chateaus.

That is all for this part of the country. Now comes the Balaton, one of the sights of present-day Hungary. It is the biggest lake of Central Europe, about 50 miles in length but rather narrow in some parts. The southern shore is very flat, but the northern one is bordered by strange cone-shaped, volcanic hills, mostly covered with very good vineyards.

The lake offers endless diversifications as well as places of great natural beauty. Sometimes it is a joy merely to study the ever-varying tints of the water, which are a speciality of the Balaton. At dawn, faintly tinted with pink and pale blue, with shades of quite a curious green — an intense aquamarine green before a storm — turning a dirty yellow, and at sunset playing into every vivid colour of the rainbow. Seen from the southern shore, there is sometimes such a dazzling display of orange and blood-red clouds when the sun goes down behind old Badacsony, that it fairly takes one's breath away. The water at that time when calm is not generally green, but I saw it once at sunset transparent as an emerald, with just a streak of carmine — the reflection of the sun. It was a sight which I shall remember all my life, so awe inspiring was it.

Frequently there are very sudden and fierce storms on the lake, with waves house-high, and woe to the yacht that is caught in them. One would not imagine a lake to be really dangerous, but so it is. To bathe in such a storm, especially by moonlight with the water fizzing like champagne, is

the most exhilarating experience that can be imagined.

The eastern shore is perhaps the most picturesque, with very high yellow cliffs of sandstone, overhanging in places, where swifts and kestrels build their nests and soar high overhead uttering their shrill screech. In June the top of the cliff is covered with pale mauve strawflowers (*acroclimuns*), or, about Siófok, with a bright blue globe-thistle only found in this part of the country. Coming from the highroad you do not see anything of the lake till you reach a deep gorge, with cliffs on either hand, and all at once have the whole sheet of water revealed to you, bathed in sunshine, dazzling, ruffled by a freshening breeze, the reeds fringing some parts of the cliff base swinging and whispering merrily to each other. Facing you on the other shore is the peninsula of Tihany, the two towers of its old abbey sharply outlined against the sky, — a very picturesque place, full of historical interest. The abbey, being situated high on the top of the hill, boasts a wonderful view. A legend is attached to one of its windows, — that whoever looks out of it for the first time in his life and wishes for something, shall

see his wish fulfilled. To be honest, I have tried the trick, but it did not work. On the other hand, the view is so magnificent that it really is worth while climbing up all the long way to look out of that window. It opens onto the widest part of the lake, so that if the weather is not quite clear one really has the impression of the sea lying beneath.

The monastery and church were built by the Benedictines in 1060, in the Romanesque style, but were rebuilt in baroque after the Turks went. The chancel and railings are very fine specimens of baroque wood carving. King Endre I. is buried here (eleventh century).

Tihany was noted for its famous echo repeating 14 syllables, now unfortunately destroyed by somebody's building a villa on that spot.

Further westward the volcanic range of hills is dotted with picturesque old ruins: Csobánc, Tátika, Szigliget, having all their own legends which one of our great poets in romantic times, Alexander Kisfaludy, collected and set in verse. Very pretty they are too.

The highroad leading from Fehérvár to

Tapolca runs parallel with the lake between the mountains and is not only very beautiful but is the best motoring road in Hungary.

At the western end of the lake lies Keszthely, where there is now an agricultural academy with a huge chateau of Prince Festetich's, beautifully furnished, with rare pictures and engravings, quantities of old Saxon china, a very extensive library — altogether an imposing residence.

Fenekpuszta, where the Prince's racing stud is now quartered, was a Celtic settlement; a great deal of excavation work has been done there, the trophies of which are in the museums at Keszthely. Héviz in the vicinity is a renowned watering place for rheumatic complaints, nearly as good as Pöstyén in Nyitra, now in Czech hands. The so-called Kis Balaton is a large tract of swampy land crossed by the Zala river (originally a Roman canal) where innumerable water fowl of quite exotic kinds nest and live. There is even a certain kind of ibis to be found there. The ornithologists are greatly scared just now, for there is some talk of the swamp's being drained. Lovers of nature and sportsmen will find it an irreparable loss.

All along both shores of the Balaton are numerous summer resorts where people stay during the hot season, or else, if they have business in town, run down for the week ends. The first big place, Siófok, is just over two hours' distance by express from Budapest. This is the biggest and most important place, but is generally too overcrowded with uncongenial people to be pleasant. Balatonfüred on the farther side with a good sanatorium (a watering place very good for heart disease) and a big hotel, is more sympathetic. For my part I prefer the south shore because you have the sunset there, which is a sight not to be missed, and also because Balaton Földvár lies there — socially very agreeable. The hotel there is quite good, though not on a grand scale; true, there is room for improvement; but one must not come with the idea of finding a Ritz, but just a simple place where you pass most of your time out of doors and in the water. People do not risk building big hotels there because foreigners hardly ever come (a great pity) and most of our people take villas for the whole summer. The frequentation of this place is also very much subject to fashion;

sometimes you get one or two seasons when it is very jolly and gay; in other years again people seem to patronise foreign places or take a fancy for the hills. It really is a pity, for the place offers numerous attractions. The water in itself is very delicious, and you can also get yachts and motorboats; there are generally one or two regattas in the season, tennis matches, pigeon shooting, a club where you can dance every evening, very pretty walks in the woods on chilly days when bathing is not a temptation; the country is not bad for riding either, only you must have your own horses. Very good golf links have just been laid out. The real season is from the middle of July to the middle of August.

Balaton Almády at the north-eastern end is quite pretty too — greener than the rest, as it nestles among trees and is moister. There are of course numerous other places all along both shores, which it would take long to enumerate.

North of the lake are the Bakony mountains and woods, very picturesque and wild. The Győr-Dombóvár railway line which runs through it is built like a miniature Semmering line over gorges and on viaducts, through

tunnels, zig-zagging and winding its way among the beautiful beech and oak woods. Here and there a remnant of old castles Csesznek, etc. The district is, on the whole, very sparsely populated and wild; the forests are full of game, stags and wild boars.

Herend, the china factory, is in this district, and also Zirc, a very old monastery of the Cistercians.

Veszprém is still rather bare in its surroundings; we are not yet in the woody country. It is a very old town, a bishopric of great importance ever since St. Stephen's times. The famous Gizella Chapel quite close to the episcopal palace and named after the sainted King's wife, still exists, also an old organ of that time, which is unfortunately quite in pieces, dusty, untended and shoved into the dark little vestry. It is a curious chapel, more like a catacomb than anything else; without windows, with Gothic arches and frescoes on both sides; those on the left are the original ones, not restored in the sixteenth century like the others.

The upper part of the town, the place where the fortress was, is very original and fine; high up on craggy rocks, with long

stretches of walls crowned by gardens and old trees, stand the very pretty small houses of the canons, every one correct in style with some appropriate Latin inscription or coat of arms over the door, clean and well tended; then a church or two, the big seminary, convents, the cathedral, and last but not least, the very fine Maria Theresa palace of the bishop. In reality it ought to stand in the middle of a garden out in the country and not in a town. It is quite perfect as a building, and except for a few details of bad taste in the decoration, the inside of the house is also very fine. Two oakpanelled rooms, a reception room and the study of the bishop, have wonderful engravings let into the wood, quite exceptionally good plates. The furniture is good too. The refectory, where to my great regret I have not been, has frescoes by Maulpertsch. It is a pity that most of the bishops thought it their duty to contribute something towards the embellishment of the place. We find frescoes by local celebrities of quite a humorous kind, while the last contribution, — overdoors above the beautiful rococo oaken portals — take one by surprise. The medallions show ox-heads in

wreaths of — not flowers — but all kinds of vegetables! What was the idea, I wonder. (Let me state here that I have not seen this artistic achievement with my own eyes, but was told of it by an eyewitness.) The gallery of past and present bishops' portraits is not very good either. The cellars underneath the palace are very interesting and, needless to say, well stocked. A curious secret winding staircase leads down from one of the bedrooms upstairs, it was constructed by a bishop of the last century, who was very fond of the grape juice and stole down every night candle in hand, when the rest of the household were deep in slumber. Somehow I would not at all relish the idea of passing some hours in those ghostly vaults, with a flickering tallow candle throwing giant shadows on the walls; mighty unpleasant and uncanny I should say.

The bishops of Veszprém had since St. Stephen's time the privilege of crowning the Queens, and were always their spiritual advisers.

The cathedral, originally in Romanesque style, later on baroque (when it must have been very fine judging from pictures) has

been again rebuilt as it first was. It is very big, stately and finely decorated.

In the lower town are also some nice old houses, the watchtower of the fire brigade being very interesting, but the rest are a collection of modern horrors, prominent among which is the building devoted to the new Museum.

Farther off on the extension of the Tapolca road is the castle of Sümeg, the country residence of the Bishop of Veszprém, very pretty, and an old castle ruin. Woods all around, well stocked with game. South of this lie Somló, Count Erdődy's fine country home, and the beautiful castle at János-háza. On the northern side of the Bakony range towards Győr, lies the huge monastery of Pannonhalma, alone on a hilltop, commanding a wonderful view. It is the oldest clerical centre of Hungary, belonging to the Benedictine monks and dating back to 1020. The abbey as an institution is of great importance, the abbot being invested with the power of a bishop. Originally built in the Romanesque style, it was rebuilt in the thirteenth century in the Gothic, the typical Gothic, where no two capitals or columns are ever alike. Most Gothic is noted for

this trait, but here in Hungary it is most prevalent. The first and largest library of the country was here, as also the archives of the kings. The Tartars besieged the place, but fortunately were unable to reduce it. Not so the Turks; it was almost completely destroyed by them, while the few remaining buildings were used as store-rooms and stables. The carvings and frescoes were whitewashed, so that the decoration suffered less than one would imagine under the circumstances.

The library of 35,000 volumes was destroyed. Some of the most valuable books and MSS. were carried away by the monks under their robes, to Vienna or Upper Hungary, where they were kept till the departure of the heathen.

Maria Theresa intended to rebuild the whole place, but only half of it was finished; the tower is of that period. The church was decorated with frescoes by Maulpertsch, of course, so that rococo details have come into the Gothic building.

Joseph II. expelled the Benedictines as he did other religious orders, and Pannonhalma was turned into a central tax collecting office. But Francis I. reinstated the

order with all its privileges. The year 1896 sees further alterations in the style, especially round the ramparts, of the typical neo-mediaeval genre.

The refectory and library are of great interest. The latter contains not only a few of the famous Corvin Codices, but also a very interesting old French prayer book, manuscript with engravings, and the oldest Hungarian document, discovered a century and a half ago. It is the donation letter of St. Stephen to the Order, but must have been written later than the eleventh century, judging by the style and by the fact that the ancient donations were never in writing, but were handed down by word of mouth. Still it is the oldest document existing in this country, and contains a few Hungarian words in the Latin text, which were the first to be written.

Some time ago a sculpture, a bust of St. Ignatius of Loyola, the founder of the Jesuit order, was discovered here. It is said to be a true likeness of the great saint. The Benedictines presented the Jesuits with the bust, which was sent to Rome to the Mother House of their order, while Pannonhalma got a copy of the bust.

The abbey can be visited by strangers at all times, the monks being very pleased to show one round; they even put one up willingly, if necessary.

The Benedictines have also a house in Győr which boasts of a very fine staircase with frescoes. Győr is a big town but of little interest to the sight-seer.

Up to the fifteenth century there was a Benedictine monastery in Somogyvár (not far from the Balaton in the southerly direction) with French monks. They were supposed to keep in touch with the civilised West.

The monastery was built by St. Ladislaus on the site of the famous heathen chief's, Kupa's stronghold. He had been a powerful enemy of St. Stephen, causing him a good deal of trouble, so that the saintly king vowed to give the property to some holy order if he succeeded in reducing the fortress. Unfortunately the place has been completely destroyed, probably by the Turks, and only a few stones show where it stood. Excavations would probably reveal things of great interest, but the people to whom the land belongs are not keen on having their vineyards turned inside out.

Pécs, the capital of Baranya in Southern Hungary, has an interesting Romanesque cathedral well worth visiting. It was built in the eleventh century and completely restored at the end of the nineteenth — more is the pity. It is a fourtowered building with three aisles, and beneath the sanctuary is a very interesting primitive Christian cubiculum or crypt with still traceable frescoes of the fourth century.

Another church, the “Belvárosi templom,” was previously a Turkish mosque, and there is a curious Moslem place of worship and minaret now forming part of the local hospital. The town was for some centuries in Turkish hands.

Before that it was a great centre of learning, Louis the Great having endowed it with a university in 1367. Now it is chiefly known for its famous majolica factory of Zsolnay.

Nestling at the foot of the picturesque Mecsek range, the town's surroundings are very pretty and pleasant. Good vineyards abound on the slopes.

Not far off are the coalmines which were subjects of some discussion at the Peace Conference, for the Serbs who had laid

hands on them were loth to vacate the field.

The Serbian occupation was a severe trial for the town, and many arbitrary doings not unlike atrocities are recorded of that time.

CHAPTER XIV.

WESTERN HUNGARY

The Western border of Hungary, now partially annexed by Austria, is a mostly hilly country — the farthest ramifications of the Alps. It partly encircles the Pannonia bay, and was not only a geographical border-line, but also an ethnographical and historical one. Some of the differences of West and East were fought out here. The Huns suffered a great defeat in these parts, as did the Turks at Kőszeg. The Romans fortified the whole mountain range from south to north with a series of water-towers: Veln, Bozsok, Schleinitz, Bernstein Rechnitz, also intended to guard the different high-roads which, starting at Aquileia came over the Alps to Laibach, Sabaria and thence further north and east. Towards the Danube (Pozsony) they built a powerful wall as far as Petronel in continuation of the hilly range. It was called Caesar's Wall. The primitive population consisted of Celts whose des-

cendants are the so-called "Hienzes" round about Kőszeg, then some Slavs and Germans; later during the chaos after 874, all sorts of different tribes until 896, when the Magyars appeared. In the Middle Ages some more Germans settled down, probably merchants and craftsmen. In the seventeenth century Slavs from Bosnia, driven from their country by the Turks, were allowed to settle down here, by permission of the Counts Erdődy and Batthyány. They form national villages up to this day, and are the so called "Wasser-Kroaten" (Bosner-Kroaten). The Czechs' favourite scheme is to form a "Slav Corridor" between Bohemia and Croatia, basing a right thereto on this strip of has-been Croat-population. They forget that the latter are comparatively recently settled and have absolutely nothing to do with the ancient population. The corridor existed once, under the powerful Samo, and later, about 1274, for some years under the famous Bohemian king Ottokar, who was defeated on the Lechfeld by Rudolf of Habsburg and Kun László, king of Hungary.

After the Middle Ages many of the castles were in the hands of the Counts of Német-ujvár (Grafen von Güssingen) who were no

better than robber chiefs, as was generally the fashion at that time. They had immense power, terrorised most of Trans-Danubia for a time, and once even imprisoned King Andrew II. at Bernstein (Borostyánkő). The farthest northern county is Moson, chief town Magyaróvár, which has a great agricultural academy; then the county of Sopron with a chief town of the same name, which was called Scarabantia in Roman times; an old town, a garrison town, having some small old houses with gardens on the ramparts of the fortress that once stood there, as for instance the houses of the Princes Esterházy and Count Zichy, the latter with interesting frescoes, probably also by Maulpertsch. The town-hall with its mediaeval tower is also interesting, the Dominican church, the "Graben Runde," a sort of broad thoroughfare where once the moat ran, bordered by small houses built on the sites of the little shops and tents where the merchants in olden times sold their goods.

Most of Sopron county is flat and forms part of the plain. There are some very fine old country houses in the district; Horpács, belonging to Count Dénes Széchényi, Dénesfa, to Count Cziráky, Rőjtök, Gyulaviz, but

by far the most wonderful is Eszterháza.

It is an immense building dating from the time of Maria Theresa, in whose honour it was erected. It is a small Versailles; every tiny rococo detail perfect in itself; the iron-wrought gates are wonderful, as well as the wide open staircase which leads up from the courtyard on two sides to the big reception rooms on the first floor. The courtyard is oval in shape and very big, so that when one has passed the gates the approach is really imposing. Notwithstanding the size of the place it does not look stern, on the contrary. This is perhaps due to the house having been originally painted yellow. Sun and rain have of course tended to give it by now a very weatherbeaten appearance, but there is enough of the former colour left to give the walls a lively and warm tint.

The internal aspect is as perfect as the external. Every piece of the furniture is correct in style. There are quantities of wonderfully inlaid marqueterie furniture, rooms full of porcelain, especially Chinese, numbers of old pictures and portraits. Every room has its brocaded hangings of different tints. The wonderful part of it all is that the whole

place was built and got ready in two years' time, all the furniture being made on the spot by artists brought from France.

There were a number of minor buildings around which were unfortunately demolished some time ago: an operahouse, a theatre, buildings for the Royal Suites. There were pleasure grounds and gloriettes in the adjoining forest. The wood still exists, and is very pretty with its broad avenues in fan shape so that one has a glimpse of the castle from all sides. The garden and huge stables with the stud of greys are very fine.

A very big lake, the Fertő, is quite near Eszterháza, with myriads of aquatic birds, so that what with partridges, pheasants, hares, wild geese, bustards — a very interesting and difficult kind of shooting — wild ducks, snipe, besides roe-deer and stags, you get plenty of game and good sport.

The estate of Eszterháza may be looked upon as a model agricultural and industrial institution. There are factories of all kinds, a seed-testing station, giving wonderful results. A few years ago they started to drain quantities of swampy land, shaving off a layer of turf which is quite good as fuel. The ground underneath is propitious for the

cultivation of sugar-beet, which is extensively produced in the whole district. There is also a big sausage factory.

All the large estates are now more or less very well tended and managed, not as in olden days when farming was conducted on a larger scale, but thoroughly making use of the country's vast resources. The Western part of Hungary is perhaps the most cultivated, and the people are very enlightened

South of Sopron lies the county of Vas. Szombathely is the principal town. In the Roman times, it was the capital of Pannonia Superior, and was called Sabaria. It must have been a fine place in the time of the Legions. It had a theatre and a triumphal arch, which was taken to Schönbrunn. As is mostly the case in this part of Europe, the town was completely destroyed by the Huns and no edifice has come down to us.

Septimius Severus the African starts his career in Sabaria, gains a great victory over the Anads at the head of the famous "Legio Fulminatrix," (the invincible legion which consisted of Christian youth); then he makes friends with the evil Egyptian Magician Arunphis, is badly influenced by

him in the most important moment of his existence, far in the East on one of his campaigns, which embitters the rest of his life and turns him into a tyrant. Then back at Sabaria he is proclaimed Caesar by his troops — a coup d'état. It must have been a pompous affair and one to create great excitement in the little town of Sabaria. As Emperor, Septimius Severus laid the seat of his actions westward, which was an error, as new forces were wakening in the East. He died at York.

There is a saying that St. Peter himself converted Pannonia to the Christian faith, and St. Paul is supposed to have passed some time at Sabaria. Needless to say this is not Holy Scripture and need not be regarded as such. More credible is the story that St. Martin performed his famous act of dividing the mantle in this town, as he served in the "Legio Fulminatrix." If I am not much mistaken I have heard that this event took place somewhere in Austria or Germany (I forget the precise place), but local patriotism bids me believe that it was here.

The town was successively destroyed by Huns and Tartars, occupied by Imperial

Vép, Count Erdődy's place, formerly a so-called Wasserburg, in Tudor style with wonderful park and exotic trees, has a very good collection of pictures — Italian and German masters, engravings, china, etc.

Kőrmend, south of Szombathely is Prince Batthyány's big chateau, beautiful too, with quantities of interesting antiquities and especially a costly collection of old Viennese porcelain.

Kőszeg is a very old little town at the foot of the hills not far from Szombathely. Some fine old churches, mostly Gothic, are there; narrow, crooked streets with curious big statues of saints standing in niches in the walls, the grim old castle which Jurisich defended so valiantly against the Turks, — unfortunately rather out of sight among the houses and gardens. An old Calvary on the top of a hill with pretty, sunny enclosed garden full of roses between box hedges which an old hermit tends. Not far from here is the small, well restored castle of Bozsok, belonging to Julius Végh, director of the Museum of Industrial Art.

CHAPTER XV.

FINALE

Legislation and administration are subjects I know I ought to talk about, but these are things I am unfortunately ignorant of. I shall calm my conscience by telling myself that it does not interest other people either, and shall only mention that women sit in Parliament. Surely a very important fact. (But our woman "members" are very few compared with the number of women sitting in the Parliaments of England and the United States.)

Misgivings arise as I near the end of my book, for I keenly feel the inefficiency of my attempt. Have I succeeded in enlisting the sympathy of the readers for my poor country, and given them some idea of the actual state of affairs? Will my notes be of some use to them when visiting Hungary? Will they be able to understand the psychology of the people and their surroundings? It would be a satisfaction for me to know

that some at least have understood the motive that prompted me to write this, even though perfectly aware of my incapacity for such a task. I tender my apologies for the superficial way in which I have dealt with some of the subjects, and for my English, which I feel to be imperfect.

Everybody in Hungary tries in one way or another to be a help to his country in these hard times; and I may but hope that ere long the tide of sympathy will change in favour of the poor nation who has been so sorely tried for doings in which she was but a factor and not the responsible instigator.

But not only to pity and sympathy do I appeal, but also to the sense of Justice inherent in every human being, and to the intelligence of people who surely cannot look at the present state of affairs without serious apprehensions.

Extending the Balkans, that hothouse of agitation and turbulence over central Europe is unwise in regard to universal peace and order, whilst it means the throwing back of civilisation and culture for centuries to come. It cannot be England's purpose and advantage to extend the Slav's possessions

up to Germany. Russia is a quantity which will have to be reckoned with, once order is restored in that vast Empire.

For a thousand years Hungary was the bulwark against the Orient, and in the times to come will probably have to continue this role. Countries like those of the Balkans which all these centuries were content to remain in primitive ignorance and darkness, do not play any important part in the history of mankind. It is our duty to further culture, not to destroy it, to help mankind along the road, always looking ahead, always striving upward, confident that Truth shall be victorious at the last.

Amen.

